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Review

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1912



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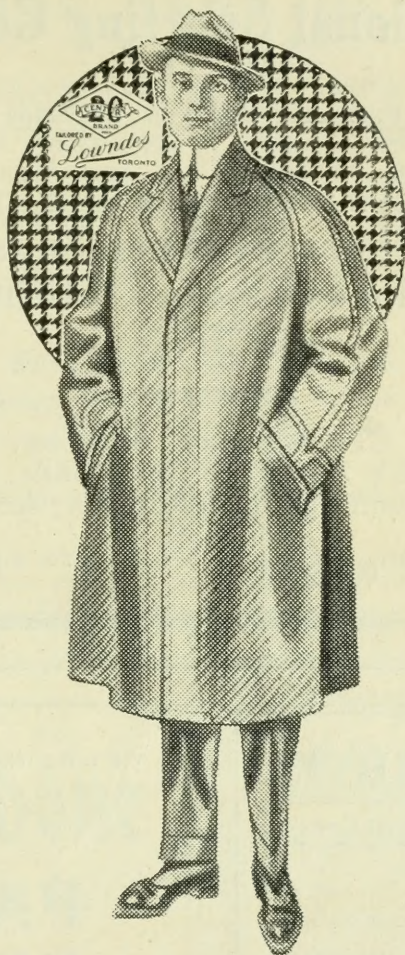
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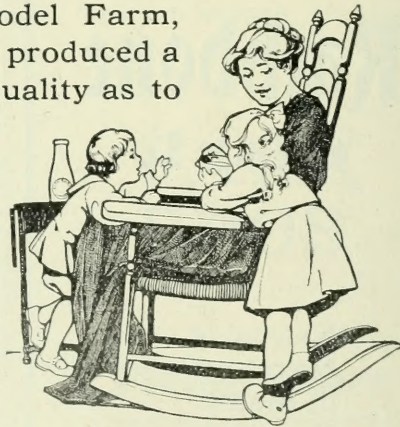
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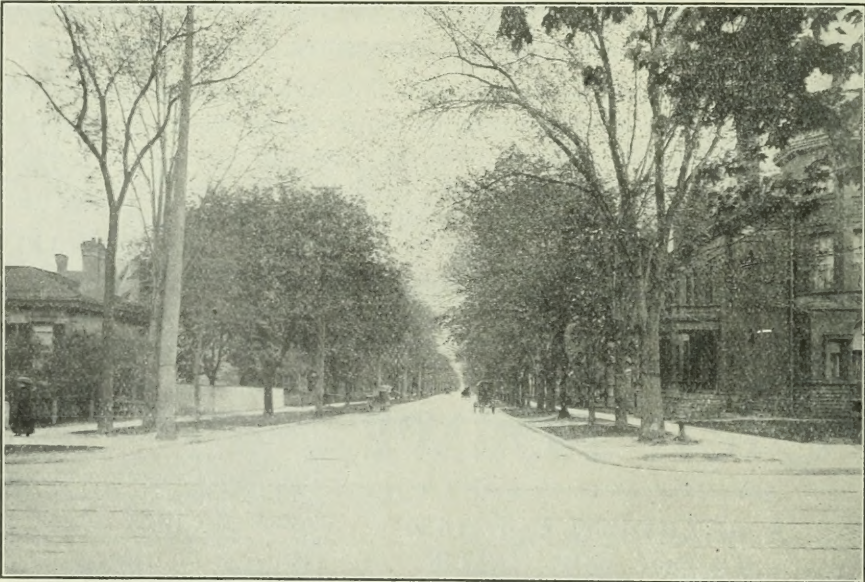
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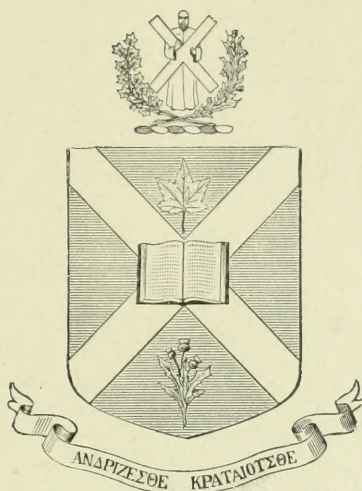
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



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## CHRISTMAS, 1912

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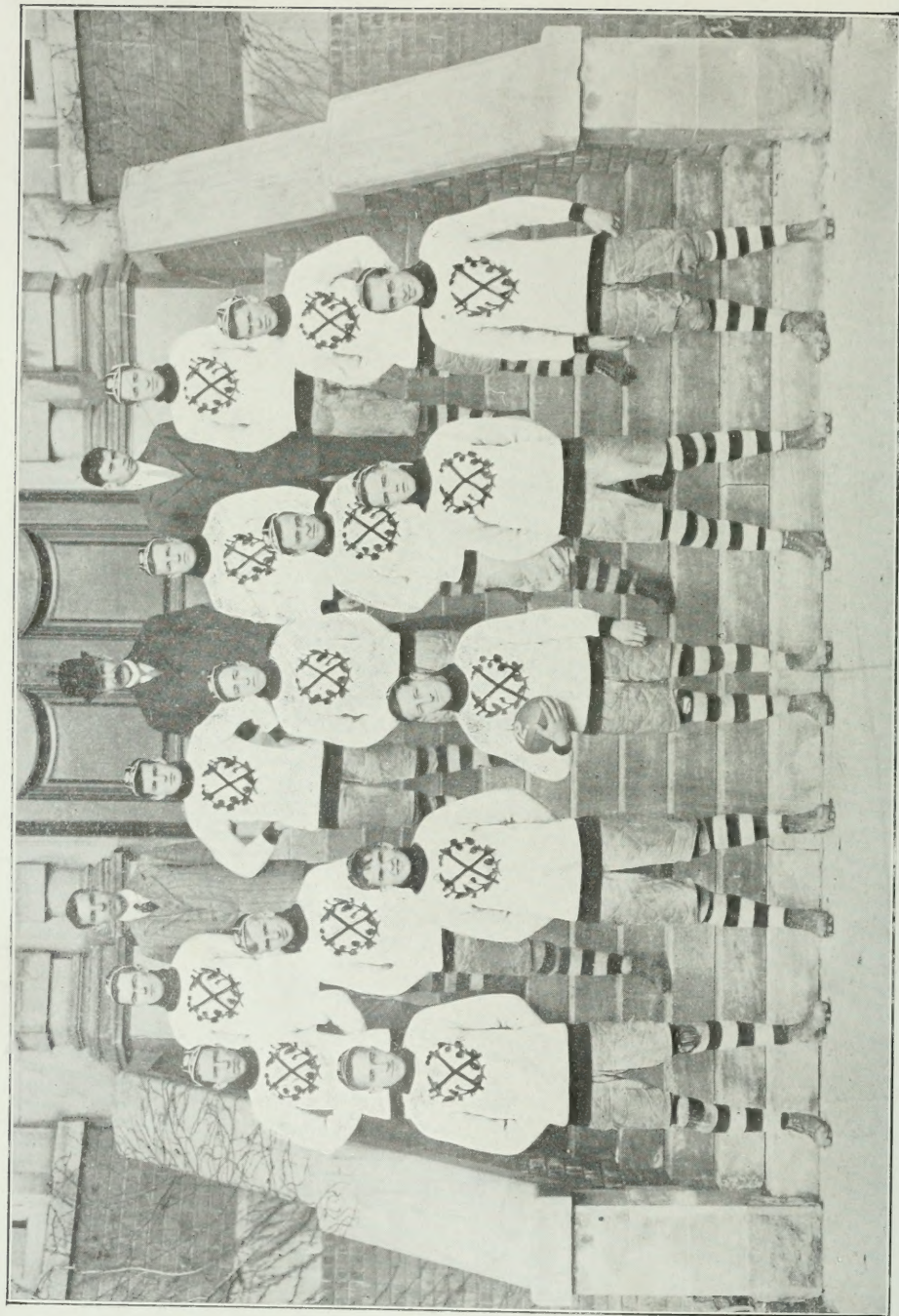
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# St. Andrew's College Review

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CHRISTMAS, 1912

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## Editorials

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IN December, 1911, a famous Parisian seer, Madame Thebes, uttered some prophecies in regard to the year now drawing to a close. She affirmed that 1912 A.D. would be phenomenal in its list of tragic happenings—wars, rumors of war, accidents, strikes and upheavals of various kinds. And as the months have passed by we have, unfortunately, seen a fulfilment of her prognostications, and the past year has been the most disastrous in several decades. The Chinese revolution started the ball of disaster rolling on its way, and, though attended by the usual bloodshed and atrocities in its beginning, has apparently progressed to a more or less satisfactory condition of republicanism. In the early months of the year took place the railroad strikes in England, productive of much inconvenience and pecuniary loss. Before very long, the sinking of the *Titanic* and the sacrifice of many lives stirred the heart of the world to expressions of horror and sympathy. Later occurred the disastrous floods in the States, while all through the year the press has been full of railway wrecks, murders, assassinations (the attempt upon the Bull Moose being still fresh in our minds), and a thousand and one other happenings of tragic nature. Out of a clear sky sped the bolt that has resulted in the present Balkan dispute, and the year seems to be ending to the booming of cannon, the rattle of rifle-shot, and the death-cry of hundreds of intrepid warriors. And so it is with a sigh of relief that we see the present twelvemonth giving its last gasp. Madame Thebes has already made a forecast of 1913, and while not quite so startling as her last, it promises much that we hope may never transpire. Who knows? Time alone will tell!

C. N. W.

## DECEMBER

**W**HEN December winds blow cold and drear  
And snow-clouds follow free,  
That is the time of all the year —  
Seems best to you and me.  
For, ere the month its course has run,  
We'll scatter, homeward bound,  
To mingle in the Christmas fun,  
And Yule-logs gather round.

So, all good fellows, as we part,  
To home and friends returning,  
Let's keep in every boyish heart  
The Christmas spirit burning.  
Let's not forget that in our land  
Are joyless, sick, or sad;  
And let's reach out a cheering hand  
To make *their* Christmas glad.

M. G. B.



"Home, John."



## Fiction

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### TOLD IN THE NORTH LAND

IT was a dreary night in late October. The wind howled dismally around the corners of the little shack and the loose glass rattled in the window frame. The door shook on its rusty hinges, and the tin stovepipe creaked and moaned in its socket. Without, the tall pines rocked and swayed and the dead leaves rustled as they scurried along the ground. It was a cheerless night, cold and dark. Within, the little cabin was warm and passing comfortable. The fire crackled and sparked in the rickety old stove, and weird shadows flickered on the walls. The pale light from the single candle wavered unsteadily and added a further spookiness to the interior. Conditions without and within were far from comforting, and not at all conducive to pleasant dreams; no, nor even to quiet slumber; so Pete and I sat close to the fire and smoked, saying but very little. At his best Pete was not a very communicative person, and at times made a rather comfortless companion. That night the silence seemed to grip him more firmly than usual, and he said not a word.

He was a strange man, this Pete. "Grubstake Pete" they called him, an old man in the mining game, the veteran of many a rush and the packer of many a long trail. I met him first in Sudbury at the time of the first strike at Porcupine, and had paid the recording fees on a worthless claim of his. He had attracted me strangely, and we knocked around together a good deal. Then came the news of the strike at Singing Loon Lake, and now we were in the old shack on the shore of Silver Birch Lake, where we had come after our disappointment in the Singing Loon fizzle. Yes, he was a strange character. Although much weather-beaten by the long years of backwoods life, he still preserved a sort of refinement which revealed itself at unguarded times and changed his whole aspect. His speech, though roughened somewhat by his continual association with the mining camps, was that of an educated man, and his voice possessed a remarkable softness that was pleasant to the ear. I could never fathom the man. At times he was communicative, but, as a rule, very reticent. That night, as

I stole sly glances at his tanned and grizzled face, I thought I could detect some strange gleam in his eyes, a softness which betokened tenderness in his hidden feelings, a reminiscent light, one which seemed to hint of other days, a melancholy, dreamy sort of glint which was foreign to his usually passive expression. And, too, as I glanced toward him, I thought I heard him sigh just a little, a short sigh, one of those that seem to slip out when your thoughts are not your own. Yet, as I covertly watched him, he showed no outward emotion, but sat stolidly puffing at his pipe, his eyes fixed straight before him. Suddenly he blew a large cloud of smoke toward the light, and as it curled and faded away, he gazed into its depths with tear-dimmed eyes, as if within the blue-grey clouds he saw a picture—a picture that brought memories—memories of other days, and dreams of past happiness. Then, turning toward me, he said, in that soft-toned voice of his:

“Lacey, you and I have been good pals in the short time we’ve been together, and I’ve grown to like you as I have never liked man these many years. To-night there is something on my mind of which I must rid myself; so if you care to I’ll tell you a story.” Without waiting for my reply, he placed fresh wood upon the fire and began:

“Many years ago, in England, a young man went wrong; yes, just as many a young man has gone wrong, and brought disgrace to his name. There have been many excuses made for this fellow, but it is not for me to say whether or not he was deserving of them; suffice it to say he was disgraced. The story of his wrongdoing is an old one. Trusted beyond his will-power he foolishly embezzled a large sum of money, and before he could replace it his defalcation was discovered. His employer, an uncle, was not to be appeased in his wrath, and refused the boy, for he was little more, any chance whatever to wipe out the stain, and without ceremony turned him out. There was a girl, too—it seems there always is—and she believed in him, and when he left the old home to make his fortune in another land, he left a promise with her that he would return one day, his fortune made and himself remade, and wipe out the stain on his honour. Theirs was a tender parting, one touched with heartfelt sadness, and as the boy left her she turned away, weeping softly.

“At that time this wonderful land was calling the young hearts, and he turned his way westwards. When he arrived in



Canada he was undecided what course to pursue. While wandering about Montreal he heard of the Yukon—that wonderland of untold riches. He heard wild stories of the hidden wealth of the hinterland, and listened attentively, and with wondering ears devoured every detail. Soon the lure was on him. The Klondyke called, and he obeyed. A week later he sailed from Vancouver *en route* for Skagway, Dawson and the Great Beyond. Joining in the rush he experienced indescribable privations, and, owing to his inexperience, the life of a Cheechako fell hard upon him. Once in the goldfields he staked his bit, only to find when he arrived in Dawson that someone was ahead of him. Wretched and almost penniless, he joined another rush, only to fall by the trail, famished and disheartened. It is doubtful what might have been his end had not Wakoosa chanced to pass that way, and rescued him from the frost demon. The Indian girl half carried, half dragged him to her mother's hut, where she tended his frost-bitten body. Shortly after this scurvy set in, and through the darkest hours of the dreary months that followed, the Indian girl cared for him faithfully night and day."

Here Pete paused, sighed deeply, and then continued:

"When at last he recovered, he married the girl out of a mingled gratitude and pity, and they lived together, squawman and his woman, for two years—two years of squalor and disgrace—brought to an end only when Wakoosa threw herself in front of a bullet meant for her man's heart."

Again he paused, bowed his head a moment, then went on:

"By this time all thought of the girl back home had left him, and he drifted about, an aimless piece of human wreckage, from mining camp to mining camp, dance hall to dance hall, saloon to saloon.

"News then came to the North of a silver strike in New Ontario, and thence he and some others made their way. Though behind the rush, he and his companions made a good strike, and sold out at a big price. Placed on his feet again by his new-found wealth, he thought again of home and the girl whom he thought would be waiting, though he had never penned a line to her.

"Shortly after he took passage to the Old Land, and was soon at the old home. But a terrible disappointment awaited him. She was dead, the good people of the village told him—dead these two years. She had died of a broken heart, they said, and went on to

tell him the story of the girl's sad vigils and long waiting for her worthless lover. The shock was great, but the remorse was greater. Wretched and miserable, he wandered about England, friendless and comfortless."

Here the old man's voice broke, for old he looked at that moment, and turning to me with a piteous look in his eyes, he said:

"It was hell, Lacey, how I suffered. Then I heard of this Porcupine country, and soon the lust was on me. I left England determined to forget, but the lonely solitude of these Northern fastnesses will not let me. Every time the moon shines I see her face. I see the picture of that last night we were together, just twelve years ago to-night."

Then he broke down and wept bitterly, did this strong, rugged man, and in my heart I pitied him.

At three o'clock the next morning, when Pete was slumbering peacefully, I still sat by the flickering candle, writing—writing to the one whom I had left but two years before, and was waiting in that faraway city, and to whom my letters had of late been few and far between.

BEATH.

---

### THE SWEET USES OF ADVERSITY

**I** CAN'T learn poultry, Miss Ruth! The straight stuff's bad enough." Toady Moore dwindled into his seat until nothing but his rumpled head, queer, protruding eyes, and stub nose appeared above his desk.

"I'm sorry, Toady, but I can't overlook your disobedience. This is not the first time, you know." A note of severity underlay the little schoolmarm's quiet tones as she took from her work-box a piece of delicate linen and a tangled mass of colored silks. This diversion of Miss Ruth's was ominous and usually meant a prolonged session. Toady's limpid gaze wandered about the deserted schoolroom and through the open window. A field of yellow corn stirred fitfully in the fresh September breeze, and the familiar row of hazel-bushes beckoned in an ecstasy of reckless abandon. An inquisitive chipmunk with telltale pouches hopped for a moment upon the window-sill, then, with a sharp cry, darted to its hidden stores. Far in the distance sounded faint, happy



cries as the liberated pupils disappeared in the direction of their homes.

"It's a nice poem, Toady, and one that you ought to like, with all your fondness for Indians and out-door life. But perhaps you would prefer 'The Maiden's Prayer.'" Miss Ruth snapped a thread between her strong, even teeth, and a slow grin appeared above the delinquent's desk.

"Injuns is all right in the woods, Miss Ruth, but they ain't very interestin' in books. Say, Miss Ruth, I found two flint arrow-heads in Aikens' bush yes'day. Gee! One's a peach—white, with an edge like pa's razor."

"Toady! Will you put your mind on your book! The sooner you learn that first verse the sooner you get home. At this rate you'll be kept in every night for a week, but you've got to learn that whole poem. Of course, it makes no difference to me. I'm quite comfortable." Her fingers moved slowly over her embroidery-frame and for a moment Toady's eyes sought the hated page. "'As Red Men Die,'" he sighed, desperately, and then, in a droning monotone labored through the opening lines.

"'Captive! Is there a hell to him like this?  
A taunt more galling than the Huron's hiss?  
He—proud and scornful, he—who laughed at law,  
He—scion of the deadly Iroquois,  
He—the bloodthirsty, he—the Mohawk chief,  
He—who despises pain and sneers at grief,  
Here in the hated Huron's vicious clutch,  
That even captive he disdains to touch.'"

"Say, Miss Ruth, what happened to the Mo'awk?" A faint gleam of interest shone in Toady's eyes.

"Read, child, and see for yourself."

"Oh, Miss Ruth, you *tell* me. It sounds so real comin' from you. This here's only print. Did they kill 'im?"

"Hand me the book and I'll read it to you—once. Then you must put your whole mind on memorizing it."

Slowly Miss Ruth read the story of an Indian brave's tortured death as he danced his way to the Happy Hunting Grounds over a trail of burning coals. Her audience of one listened spell-bound

to the thrilling narrative, his brown hands tightly clasped, his eyes seeing far beyond the confines of the silent room.

Miss Ruth finished and for a moment neither spoke. Toady's eyes were fixed upon a shabby map of the world, but he saw only that grim dance of death, the jeering Hurons, the dead but unconquered Mohawk chief.

"That's grand—it ain't like a book. It's the real stuff." The words fell simply, but in their utterance was the concentration of hero-worship, the boy-love of bravery and defiance of pain.

"Yes, Toady, it's the story of a hero and I want you to fix it in that shaggy brown head of yours. Settle down to work now—it's quarter past four already."

For a long time there was no sound in the room save the rhythmic tick of the lagging clock and the boy's sing-song repetition.

"'Captive! But never conquered; Mohawk brave  
Stoops not to be to any man a slave;  
Least to the puny tribe his soul abhors,  
The tribe whose wigwams sprinkle Simcoe's shores.'"

Again and again Toady went over the words, his slender fingers buried in a mass of rumpled hair, his bulging eyes fixed on the fateful page. The clock struck five and Miss Ruth's voice broke the quietness.

"Well, are you ready for a try? If you know the first verse I'll let you go. Come along."

After rushing through the first three lines at a tremendous pace, Toady came to grief on the fourth. He floundered vainly through a meaningless jumble of words before he admitted defeat and returned dejectedly to his seat. The faint lowing of cattle floated over the hills, with other sweet, domestic sounds of the homing countryside. Before long his father would be at the evening's milking; already the kettle was singing in preparation for the early supper of the farm. Toady groaned in spirit, and a strange gnawing below the belt-line protested mutely against his deprivation of the after-school "piece."

At half past five a second trial resulted in a greater measure of success, and he delivered the first verse in an expressionless monotone but with painful exactness.



"Good boy! You'll be quite an elocutionist by the end of the week," laughed his teacher, putting away her work and removing her small silk apron. "And now for home!" Together they hastened along the winding road with its borders of goldenrod and Michaelmas daisies, chatting like two merry, care-free children. Smoke curled lazily above farmhouse chimneys, and a flock of sparrows squabbled noisily over their sparse finds in the stubble-fields.

For five days the agony continued, but at the end of that time the impulsive Toady, no longer rebellious or sullen, had learned unerringly the entire poem and, incidentally, the meaning of a certain small word of four letters—*o-b-e-y*.

It was the last battle of wills between the girl-teacher and her fractious but lovable pupil. School-life rolled smoothly along, and if Toady seemed unduly restive or mildly combative, the quiet utterance of "*As Red Men Die*," in Miss Ruth's most suggestive tones reduced the boy to the last stage of submission.

In an incredibly short time the prospect of Christmas vacation loomed in surprising nearness.

The interval attendant upon the closing waxed daily keener and a portentous air accrued to those who intended to contribute to the programme upon the fateful evening. Parents, grandparents, aunts, married brothers and sisters shared in the general interest. There were to be musical numbers, dialogues, recitations, and the customary run of closing exercises. The main excitement centred as usual around the prizes in declamation offered by Susie Lindsay, a former teacher in the section, who had married phenomenally well and gone to reside in New York. Each year this kindly patron presented a rifle to the boy whose declamatory effort was adjudged best and a truly beautiful collection of books for the girl winner.

This year there was but little doubt as to the outcome. In the judgment of the school, Bung Miller and Lizzie Adams already had the prizes in possession. Lizzie aspired to the stage; Bung contemplated the study of law.

The eventful night was wild in the extreme. Great snow-banks completely covered the stone fences and wreathed trees and shrubs in fantastic designs. But "weather permitting" held no place in the calculations of ambitious relatives or nerve-racked

contestants. The schoolroom was packed as never before, and the box-stove roared a cheery welcome to the merry gathering. Sleigh-bells tinkled without, and good-natured badinage greeted the entrance of each new-comer. Miss Ruth looked smilingly on, with a hearty grasp of the hand and a smile for each and all.

Five judges were elected, and after the miscellaneous features of the programme, the contestants for the Lindsay Prizes were called forward. There were three boys and two girls. Bella Cassidy rendered Longfellow's "Schooldays" in a faint and telling tremulo, and Lizzie Adams gave "The Bells" with marvelous intrepidity. Bung Miller recited Patrick Henry's undying classic with a patriotic fervor that would have put the original to a perpetual shame. Dave Fendall brought tears to his grandmother's eyes by his dramatic delivery of "Paul Revere's Ride," while Charlie Brown stuttered bravely through "Si Waters' Christmas." A general murmur of approval swept over the crowded room and the contestants eyed the gorgeous decorations of evergreen with splendid unconcern. Lizzie Adams thought, "Wouldn't it be awful if Bella Cassidy should win!" Bung merely looked rather pityingly at his confused rivals. Miss Ruth suggested that the judges withdraw to a corner to talk the matter over. This they essayed to do with much scraping of chairs over the uneven floor.

In the commotion that followed, none noticed a tense, white-faced figure that shot onto the flower-decked platform. A clear, high voice announced the title, "As Red Men Die," and a sudden, awful hush fell upon the room. #

"Toady!" gasped Miss Ruth, half rising from her seat. Her too vivid remembrance of his garbled recitation brought a blush of sympathetic shame to her olive cheeks, but he turned indifferently and whispered, "I *need* that rifle." Without waiting for further interruption he commenced the poem. Miss Ruth hid her face in her hands, but as the well-modulated voice rang through the room she lifted her head in dazed surprise. The words continued to roll from his lips with startling accuracy and perfect emotional effect, and her eyes brightened; her breath came quickly. It was no common rendition of some hackneyed favorite, but a soulful interpretation of a stirring episode.

As he stood before his hearers Toady was oblivious to their upturned faces. He was living amid scenes of glory, of death,



of triumph. All sense of rivalry had faded from his mind; the coveted rifle had sunk into passive insignificance. He was accompanying the Mohawk chief in his dance of death; he heard the sneers, the taunts of the detested Hurons; saw their war-clubs brandished in the smiling face of their captive. With telling force he cried—

“ ‘ The path of coal outstretches, white with heat,  
A forest fir's length—ready for his feet.  
Unflinching as a rock he steps along  
The burning mass, and sings his wild war-song;  
Sings as he sang when once he used to roam  
Throughout the forests of his southern home,  
Where, down the Genesee, the water roars,  
Where gentle Mohawk purls between its shores,  
Songs that of exploit and of prowess tell;  
Songs of the Iroquois invincible.”

Toady paused and Miss Ruth's lips parted smilingly. Scarce did she recognize this calm, rapt youth with his burning cheeks and tightly clenched hands. It was a new Toady—serene, lifted out of time and space, with the light of the seer in his limpid blue eyes.

“ ‘ Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,  
Dancing a war-dance to defy his foes.  
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,  
But still he dances to death's awful brink.  
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head  
Will *never* droop until his heart be dead.  
Slower and slower yet his footstep swings,  
Wilder and wilder still his death-song rings,  
Fiercer and fiercer thro' the forest bounds  
His voice that leaps to Happier Hunting Grounds.  
One savage yell—’ ”

At this juncture Grandma Davis gave a half-stifled scream and more than one pair of eyes sought the rattling windows in dread expectancy. Toady continued with calm finality,

“ ‘ Then loyal to his race,  
He bends to death—but never to disgrace.”

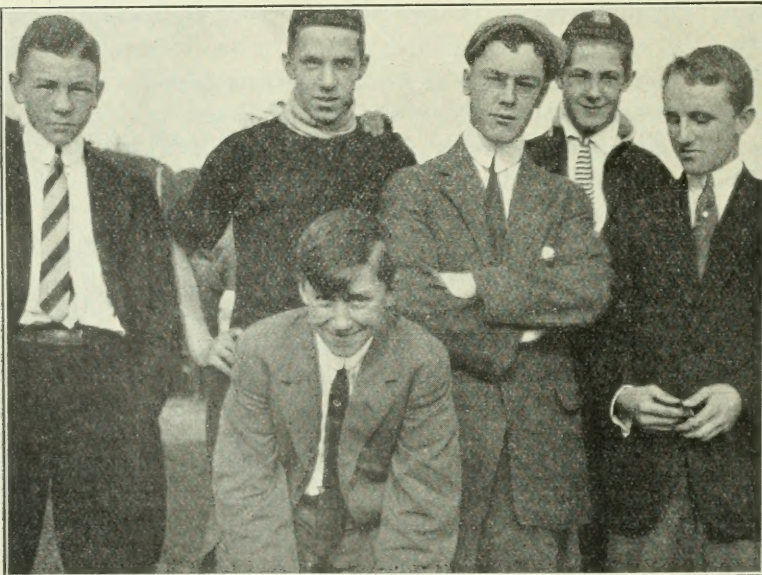
He stepped back to his place and a deep silence followed his recital. The tension was broken by the shrill voice of old Tisha Kelly, as she whispered to her neighbor, "La, Sarah, I won't sleep a wink this night." A general laugh followed and seemed to relieve the overwrought feelings of Toady's audience. Observed of all, he sat with flushed cheeks, smiling blandly as Miss Ruth rose and took a chair beside him. She placed her arm around his broad shoulders and whispered, "Toady—you're *great!*"

"I thought I had the piece I might as well use it," giggled the irrepressible.

A few minutes later, after a brief colloquy, Elder Thomas advanced on behalf of the judges. With a neat and most complimentary speech he placed the handsome rifle in Toady's hands.

"Three cheers for Toady Moore!" shouted Bung Miller, and at this generous tribute from the defeated candidate the howling of the wind and the roaring of the box-stove were drowned in a succession of hearty, ringing cheers.

CAMERON NELLES WILSON.



The Return of "Toady."



### WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT

JOHNSTON, the man on duty at the substation, sat at his desk vainly trying to make out his nightly report. Vainly, I say, because Johnston's mind was far from his work, for wasn't this the night he had intended asking Mary Angliss to become his wife? He had been paying her attention for almost a year, and now, just when he had summoned his courage to the necessary point, Williams, the regular night-man, took sick, and Johnston had to do his shift.

He took from his pocket the ring intended for Mary and looked at it. The diamond, sparkling and glittering, seemed to laugh at his predicament. Like one hypnotized Johnston stared at it, his head gradually sinking lower and lower, until finally he fell asleep. And just at that moment a fuse burnt out, plunging the city into darkness.

Forty boys of various ages, of various heights and builds, but each full of mischief, the great characteristic of every schoolboy, sat studying or pretending to study, under the supervision of Mr. Barelay—Labby, the boys called him. Why, no one could tell, except that Hardy, the school hero and the master's bogey, christened him that the first day he saw him in September.

Everything was quiet, and for once the master thought he was going to have a peaceful two hours. He always dreaded the study period. If Hardy didn't upset the equilibrium of the class, it was Brice, and when the two minds concocted mischief at the same time the room was turned into a Bedlam.

Apparently the master's hopes were premature, for without any warning an inkbottle rattled its way down one of the aisles. This was the signal. Books suddenly came to life and apparently walked off the desks all over the room. No one seemed responsible. With an awful clanging an alarm-clock went off. Hardy had placed it in Aston's desk before study commenced. Percy was the good little boy of the school. He had never been known to have work on Saturdays. He never had detention, and was always granted whatever leave he asked for. However, the distracted master was too angry to take these things into consideration. Jumping from his seat he shouted,

"Aston, come here!"

"Please, sir, I never did it!"

"Don't lie to me, Aston! Come here *at once!*"

"B-b-b-but, sir, I n—"

He never finished his sentence, for, with a bound, Barclay grabbed him by the collar and pulled him up to his desk. Taking a long, black strap from one of the drawers, he ordered Aston to hold out his hand.

"But, sir—*please*, sir—"

"Don't talk back to me! Do as I tell you!" shouted the master.

"Sir!" yelled Hardy from the back of the room.

"Silence!" ordered Barclay.

"Sir, it wasn't—"

"Hardy, if you don't keep quiet I'll send you to the principal. Hurry, Aston, hold out your hand."

The frightened boy did as he was told. The master raised the strap on high, held it poised a moment, and just as he brought it down the lights went out.

Everything was in a turmoil. Books flew around the room; one, either by accident or design, striking Barclay full in the chest just as he reached out to grasp the terrified Aston, who, taking advantage of the situation, flew to his room upstairs, where he was found a few moments later, almost hysterical.

Five minutes later, the bell rang, announcing the end of study, and as the boys filed out the lights came on. Barclay, only too glad to rid himself of his troublesome charges, and wishing all boys in that place which modern ecclesiastics believe exists not, did not detain them, and so the matter was dropped.

. . . . .

The old premier stood smiling at and shaking hands with the crowd of men and women who had come to congratulate him on the eve of his fourth election; he was a great man and had done much, far more than the majority knew, for his country. But the anarchistic faction had been murmuring, and his recent victory at the polls had been the cause of several secret meetings. Anonymous letters had been received by him, but he had disregarded all. And so he stood that night against the advice of the police and his more intimate friends.



A slight young man with a sallow complexion came up and grasped the premier's hand. The great man smiled upon him. Just then the young man lifted his right arm. Something gleamed in the light. A flash and a shot, and the premier fell. The crowd rushed to seize the murderer, when, without any warning, the room was plunged in darkness. Taking advantage of the confusion, the murderer slunk through the door into the outside world, never to be heard of again.

When the lights came on, an anxious and vengeful assembly looked upon the premier, lying face upwards, his lips still smiling, but from the heart that had beaten so loyally a few minutes before, an ominous dark-red stream flowed, staining the pure white waistcoat. The murderer had achieved his end.

H. LASH.

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## HOW CAMP No. 2 RECEIVED THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER

TWO men were busy loading up the heavy sled with all the good things of Yule-Tide for the lumber camps situated away to the north, many miles from civilization. It was four days before Christmas, and the provisions for Camps 1 and 2 had to leave the next morning at seven. The two men were putting on the last boxes prior to turning in for a good night's rest before setting out on a long day's journey. The snow had set in early in the autumn, and by Christmas there was enough snow on the surrounding country to allow the provisions to go by sleigh. Promptly at six-thirty the next morning the two men rose, had their breakfast, and proceeded to get ready for their journey. They brought out their dogs, ten big, snapping, vicious-looking huskies, and harnessed them up to the sled.

"All ready?" cried the driver to his comrade.

"All serene," he answered.

Then, with a crack of the long whip and a yell from the driver, they were off.

All that day they travelled on, through trackless forests, across frozen rivers, until evening found them at their first resting-place. It consisted of a small hut, which was only used by trappers when they stopped for the night. There was a stove in the shack, and

water was obtained by melting ice from a nearby stream. The dogs were allowed to roam around freely, and, after they had had their supper, found a suitable snowbank and covered themselves up with snow. Then the two men entered the hut for their evening meal. It was not an excellent repast, considering the class of provisions that was to be had on the sled, but they did not have time for delicacies. They wanted rest more than anything. The next morning they were off at daylight, and by noon had reached Camp No. 1. There they left the provisions that were assigned to that camp, and proceeded on their way.

The men of Camp No. 2 wondered, as they ate their supper on Christmas Eve, what had become of the "grub sleigh," as they called it. It was due there that afternoon, but had failed to turn up. The men looked questioningly at one another, expecting the other to answer, but no answer was forthcoming. What had happened to them? Had a blizzard struck them, and were they frozen to death? Had the dogs run away from them? No, that couldn't be, because the dogs were devoted to their master. Well, what had happened, then? Nobody knew, and tried to forget, but they couldn't help thinking that if they didn't come soon there would be no Christmas dinner in Camp No. 2. Hark! What is that? A dozen men leapt to the door, only to find that they had been fooled by the tricky wind blowing through the trees.

It was a very dejected crowd that sat around the fire that Christmas Eve after supper. Some thought of the mail, which came up with the "grub sleigh," and wondered if there was anything for them. Some cursed their luck, while others still had hopes of having a Christmas dinner. Two or three times some of the men would go to the door and stare out into the clear, cold night in the hope of seeing the "grub sleigh" with the Christmas dinner, one of the best joys of these backwoodsmen; but they were unsuccessful.

Listen! What was that? It was the unmistakable crackle of the feet of the dogs on the frozen surface of the snow and the noise of the runners of the sled as they sped over the sparkling snow in the light of the moon.

There was just one dash for the door, and twenty men were outside in ten seconds. Sure enough, there was the well-known "grub sleigh" and the two men. But were they men! They looked more like two frozen pieces of humanity than anything



else. One staggered towards the open door, but the other lay still, unable to move off the sleigh. Willing hands soon brought them both in and stripped them of their heavy fur coats, and laid the two men upon the bunks. The men stood silently around while a doctor, who happened to be in the camp for the joyful Yule-Tide, administered nourishment. The two men looked as if they had been through one of the worst trials of their life. Their faces and hands were frozen and cracked by the intense cold they had passed through.

The next morning, Christmas Day, they were sufficiently recovered to relate their experiences.

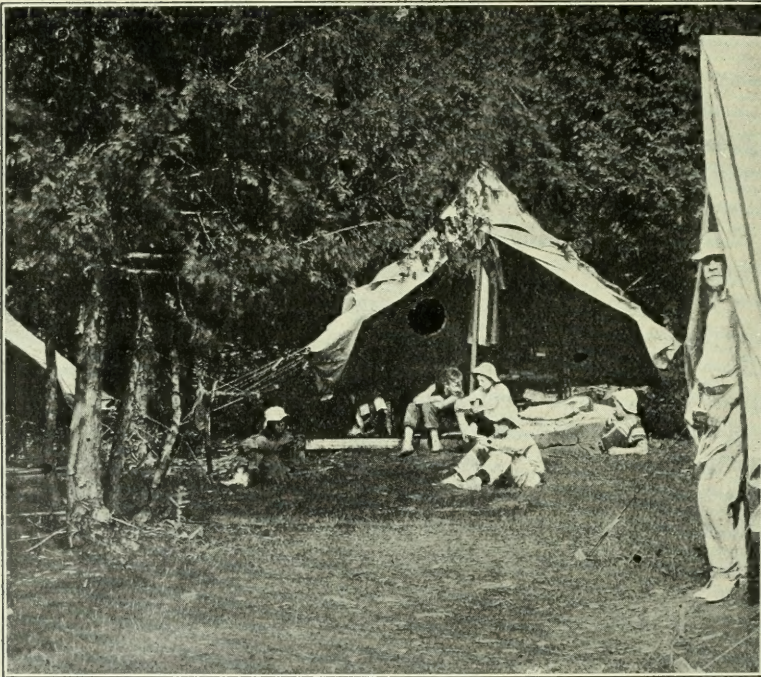
"We passed Camp No. 1 in good shape," said the driver of the sled, who was doing the talking, "and were travelling along fine until we arrived at the Devil's Pass. There didn't seem to be anything unusual up the Pass, so we kept right on. We had nearly reached the top when it began to blow. It didn't look as if it was going to blow much, until we were at the top, where a regular blizzard was raging. Snow half blinded us, and we could hardly move. Half-a-dozen times we had to stop and straighten the dogs out.

"Once we ran into a snowbank and the sled upset, but luckily we had the goods tied on. Coming through Hell's Gate, right at the top, it was worse than ever. The wind had a clean sweep right through the gate. Once, Mick, who was leading the dogs, nearly went over the bluffs, but found himself just in time. Then we began to come down. This was worse still, and I thought I would like to lie down and quit, but knew that that would be useless. Then we lost our way. The blizzard followed us all the way. Say, but it was cold, and I don't believe I have thawed out yet. When we reached the bottom we were all in. I was frozen through, and Mick, here, was worse than I. But we stuck to it, and soon found the trail again, but we could hardly travel. By this time we were out of the blizzard, but it was cold, and after what we had just been through it made it worse for us. Then Mick went crazy. He commenced a-cursing and a-swearing something awful. I was dead scared as to whether he would last out. We went on like this until I saw the lights, and then I remember trying to walk towards the lights; after that I remember nothing, and," he said, finishing up his story, "I wouldn't go through that again for anything."

So, instead of gloom, Camp No. 2 spent a happy Christmas,

although they nearly lost their dinner. The cook excelled himself, and when he brought forth the plum-pudding, which was burning with brandy, he was vowed by all to be a right good cook, and was given three hearty cheers. Those who obtained perhaps the most Christmas dinner were the two heroic men, who successfully came through one of the worst blizzards of the year, and brought with them one of the joys of a logging camp—the Christmas dinner.

H. S. LECKIE.



At Camp Kagawong



## CAMP KAGAWONG

IN each one of us there is something of the savage—a turning to conditions primeval, a desire to shed the frills and furbelows of conventionality and to don the more airy costume of beads and a smile. As the laws of the land are somewhat rigid in this matter of dress reform, the only place left for the simpler life is some campers' paradise, where trousers and a sweater are considered almost too dressy, and a coat of tan as more nearly approaching the ideal in taste and comfort. Most of us know of some idyllic spot, hidden from the vulgar gaze of police commissioners and morality departments, where we have crept close to the heart of Nature at her best; where we have discarded the togs of fashionable attire for the more comfortable bathing-suit or pair of disreputable trousers that well match the much-used sweater; where we have slept to the tune of rippling waves and wakened to the robin's matutinal lay—oh, slush! what sentimental rot is this which leads me into such fantastic realms of thought and fancy! I began to write of Camp Kagawong, so here goes!

On Balsam Lake, one of the delightful Kawartha chain, is one of those ideal camping-places which caught the fancy of Mr. Chapman four or five years ago. One takes the train to Lindsay, transfers to a languid and accommodating line that runs—or, should one say, walks?—to Fenelon Falls. This obliging collection of antique railway carriages and wind-blown locomotive will stop any time, anywhere. It will unload ties in the middle of the clover-strewn ditches along the track; it will wait obligingly while a load of Mormons and their families clamber leisurely out of the cars and unload their camping effects and babies. It will rest placidly at some grass-grown platform while a party of pick-nickers laughingly and leisurely gather their baskets together for a day's enjoyment. Oh, it is an "accommodation train," all right.

Arrived at Fenelon Falls, one has time for a very good dinner at one of the famous hostelries before taking a small steamer to Rosedale. Unlike its more widely-known namesake, this thriving centre consists only of the post-office, a few summer cottages, a wharf, and a picturesque, tree-fringed road which winds pleasantly into the country beyond. Here one disembarks, to be met with cheery cries of welcome from some of the boys and Mr. Chapman in his well-beloved *Hop-a-long*. A pleasant sail of half

an hour or so brings one to the camp itself. Half-hidden among a wealth of beautiful trees, the tents glimmer white against a green background, each with a delightful view of the blue waters of the lake. Diving boards and a splendid chute, a dinghy, numerous canoes and some ingeniously made rafts, give one only a half-promise of the joys that await one. A huge dining-tent is flanked by a cook-house which seems to hold in its mysterious depths sufficient grub for a small army. And what an appetite one brings to the festive board—or boards, for there are three commodious tables!

The day is begun simply: a dip before breakfast or a wild scramble, after a cat-wash, lest one should be counted late, for there are certain matters of discipline that must be observed in all camps of any size. After the morning meal comes the inspection of the tents, which would do credit to any army man. Then follow rifle-shooting exercises, with any other recreation or employment that appeals to the different ages of the campers. The mornings swim transpires about eleven o'clock, when one enjoys the lake in a more or less hilarious fashion. After a hearty dinner one is free to go sailing, paddling, hunting, or for long tramps across country. A large herd of cattle, led by a bull of uncertain temper, proved an interesting diversion to some of those interested in "animal life." The hunt for various beetles, butterflies, botanical specimens, was a little less venturesome, but decidedly interesting. Various athletic stunts fill in the day—single-stick exercises, wrestling, life-saving. In this last department a very thorough course is offered for all, and diplomas awarded. Boys who have arrived in camp unable to swim, have left at the end of the season not only able to look after themselves when in and on the water, but able skilfully to assist others who may be in danger. There are many other interesting features of this delightful camp which space forbids me to mention. It is a charming spot, beautifully situated, abounding in all that goes to make a good holiday—congenial companions, varied amusements, healthful and beneficial activities. When seated around the huge camp-fire, beneath a star-strewn sky, listening to the stirring strains of Harry Lauder as interpreted by a splendid gramophone, or contentedly hearing the "Columbia Quartette" discoursing the melodies of "On Moonlight Bay," one could not but feel that it was good to be alive and, better still, to be alive in Camp Kagawong.



Then came the long, stilly nights, broken only by the call of a night-bird or the soft lapping of waves upon the shore.

Those beautiful lines by our own gifted Indian writer, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, frequently occurred to me as the summer days slipped by all too quickly:

THE CAMPER.

Night 'neath the northern skies, lone, black, and grim:  
Nought but the starlight lies 'twixt heaven and him.

Of man no need has he, of God, no prayer;  
He and his Deity are brothers there.

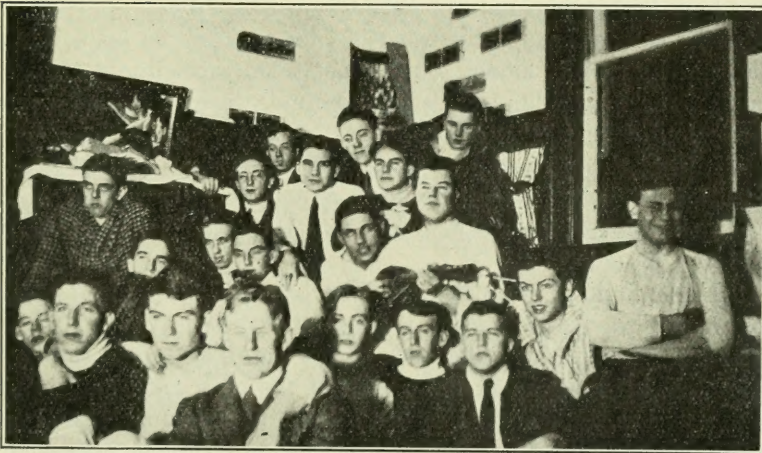
Above his bivouac the firs fling down,  
Through branches gaunt and black, their needles brown.

Afar some mountain streams, rockbound and fleet,  
Sing themselves through his dreams in cadence sweet.

The pine trees whispering, the heron's cry,  
The plover's passing wing, his lullaby.

And blinking overhead the white stars keep  
Watch o'er his hemlock bed—his sinless sleep.

C. N. W.



"We Feed the Animals at Six."

### THE EARLY BIRD

**I**T is somewhat unusual to rise before the sun. Neither is it customary to hunt worms with a forty-four calibre rifle. Nevertheless, tradition chronicles the proverbial early bird always to have captured the reputed worm.

Rest assured, "Copper-Topped" Dike was not in search of a material worm. There was an abundance of those in their assigned location behind the barn. Just what form the worm in quest assumed he could not definitely state, but that it was one that did not appear to one after breakfasting in bed on toast-strips and coffee he felt reasonably sure.

For a considerable time Dike had been moping around endeavoring to work that little stunt about "All things come to him who waits." But results had not been entirely satisfactory. The only things that had arrived so far were a spell of the blues and two epistles from Cantelope's father informing him that it would afford the old gentleman great pleasure to riddle his carcass with a newly-purchased shot-gun if he continued to expose his profile around his place of dwelling.

Cantelope, to Dike's mind, was the sweetest girl in creation.

So, quite naturally, he became impatient. He did not wish all things, anyway. He wanted only Cantelope. It occurred to him, as he lay awake in bed very early one morning, that he had better go out and see where the "all things" were stuck. There must have been a big jam somewhere down the line.

As he passed through the woodshed his eyes fell on his cousin's rifle, and he took it along. It did not seem exceedingly conventional to be going hunting even nominal worms without some description of arms, thought he.

The first thing worthy of note Dike came upon on his prowling was a frightened-looking individual seated on an upturned suitcase at the edge of the woods. His face illuminated when he saw Dike and his gun.

"Hello, fellow!" he cried. "You have exactly what I need. I am on my way to the station to flag that five-twenty-two. While I was hurrying through the bush, a few minutes ago, I ran into a large she-bear sitting in the centre of the path and challenging me to pass her. We argued for a while, but being unable to agree on the right of way I retired, leaving her in complete possession. I wish you would accompany me through."



Dike agreed to act as arbitrator in this little tie-up, and they started through the woods immediately. Perhaps fortunately, they saw no signs of Bruin. However, when Dike was returning, alone, he thought he noticed something move near the farther end of the woods. Chiefly out of curiosity he threw a stone at the spot.

Instantly an immense grizzly bear leaped from the bushes. With an angry grunt she dashed furiously in the opposite direction, towards an elderly gentleman who chanced to be strolling through an adjacent common for his morning constitutional.

The mistaken malefactor observed the onset in time to take advantage of the only means of escape. With much exertion he succeeded in jerking his bulky proportions to the top of a slender maple sapling, which bent almost double under his weight.

The bear spent several moments shaking the tree most violently. Finding she could neither climb it nor shake out her victim, she strolled around a few times and then decided to sit down and wait.

Dike raised his gun. He was about to shoot the vicious animal, when he recognized the man up the tree was no other than Judge Tompkins, the only obstacle preventing Dike's marrying his daughter, Cantelope. For a space his rifle wavered in an undecided manner. "Aim high is a good motto," he murmured. Then he thought of Cantelope, and decided he had better not.

Concealing the weapon behind a stump, he advanced into the clearing, whistling carelessly.

"Good-morning, Judge," cried he, cheerfully. "Trying to bring back the good old boyhood days, I see. But, I say, there is a law against destroying young trees!"

The judge turned a pale and twitching face to him.

"Thank God you have come, Dike," he exclaimed, in a trembling voice. "I have been obliged to confine myself in this desolate spot by an infuriated brute. I call it an intolerable outrage. Quick, run for a gun! I fear my tenacity is giving out."

"Sorry; I am in a bit of a hurry to reach town," replied Dike, turning away. "Perhaps I can help you to-morrow, though, or the next day, or maybe the day after that. Good-bye!"

The judge uttered a moan of distress that might have transformed the bullets in the rifle to molten lead, but it did not appear to affect Dike in the slightest degree.

"Dike, come back!" the poor old man pleaded.

Dike turned. The old fellow, clinging to the slender, bending tree-top for dear life, presented a pitiful sight.

"I know I am your enemy, and that you dislike me," he wailed. "But I implore you, as a man, to help me now. I will make it worth your while."

Dike moved as near as he dared.

"Well, Judge," he bargained, "just what is it worth to have Bruin despatched?"

"Anything—anything at all," he moaned. "But do be quick. I tell you I cannot hold on long!"

"Then," declared Dike, "for the last time I ask for your consent to my marrying your daughter."

"It is not right to take this advantage of me," complained the fossil. "Run and get a gun now, like a good fellow. We shall talk all that over later. You do not seem to realize how dangerously I am situated."

"No more do you see how badly I am fixed," returned Dike. "Judge, once and for all, do you consent to my marrying Cantelope?"

"You are taking an unfair advantage," he maintained, weakly. "But if you kill that bear inside five minutes I consent."

"The old demon knows very well it is impossible to run to the nearest house and return in five minutes," muttered Dike.

"Judge Tompkins, I accept your own terms," he answered, turning to the tree.

Stepping to the stump, he produced his rifle, apparently from atmosphere, and aimed at Ephraim. Two shots stretched him on the ground.

"Shall we walk over together?" offered Dike, a moment later, as he helped the trembling judge from the sapling. "I was going over to your place this morning, anyway; to see Cantelope, you know."

The judge scowled at him in silence.

"Guess the old maxim is about right, 'The early bird catches the worm,'" Dike quoted, jauntily, as they turned toward the house.

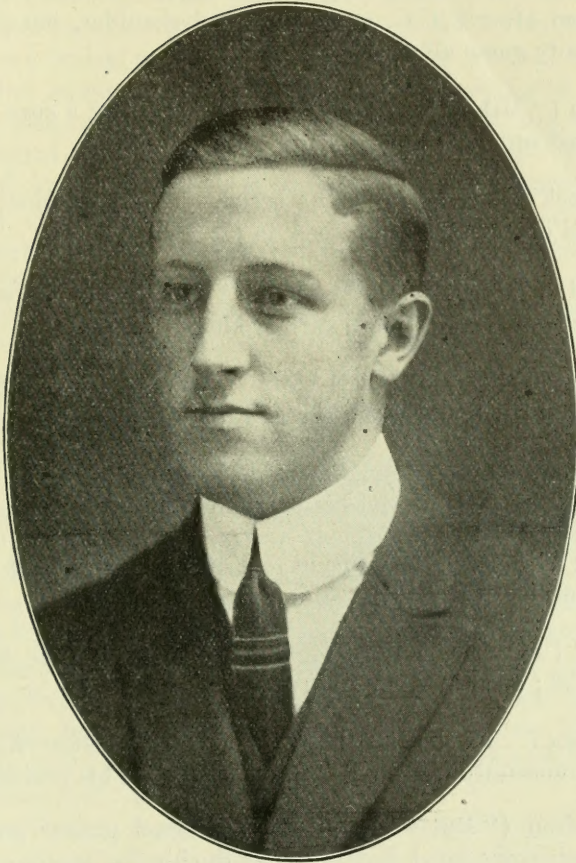
"Wrong!" snapped the judge, testily. "'The early worm gets caught by the bird.'"

EDWIN A. BURNS.



## Athletics

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G. Somerville, Captain

### PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM

**S**OMERVILLE II. ("Geordie"), captain. An old color and played flying wing; a hard tackler and also good on end runs; captained his team well all year, but was handicapped at the first of the season by a sprained shoulder.

Ross II. ("Dud"), left middle. An old color; the best line plunger in the league; a good tackler, and played a fine game all season.

Somerville I. ("Hank"), right middle. An old color; was handicapped after U.C.C. game by a bad shoulder, but played a strong, steady game all season.

Malone ("Mike"), left outside. An old color; a sure tackler, and followed up well; played a fine game all season.

Dimmock ("George"), right scrim. An old color; a fine punter, and one of the fastest men on the team.

Rice II. ("Herb."), centre scrim. A new boy as far as rugby is concerned; very fast, and a fair tackler.

McKeague ("Cupid"), left scrim. The heaviest man on the team; worked hard, and was of great value to the team.

McLennan ("Fat"), right inside. Came up from seconds for the Ridley game; played his position well.

Trow ("Stout"), left inside. A good tackler, and bucked especially well in the Ridley game.

Nation ("Carrie"), right outside. Came up from seconds; a fair tackler; good man on end runs.

McQueen ("Mac"), left half. A new boy; a sure catch, and showed up especially well in T.C.S. game; played his position well.

Richardson ("Butsy"), quarter. A good punter and drop kicker; made some good dodging runs during the season.

Beacroft ("Bee"), right half. A new boy; fair catch and hard man to bring down; also a good tackler.

Ross I. ("Gord."), centre half. A good kicker; came up from seconds; played well against T.C.S.

The team wishes to thank Travis and Leckie for their able management during the season.



## UPPER CANADA GAME

ON October 24th the annual game with Upper Canada College was played on the college grounds. Upper Canada won by a score of 19 to 12, though there was little difference to be judged between the teams, and the result was at no time certain.

It was a typical autumn day. The sky was clouded, and a keen north wind swept over the field, occasionally bringing a drizzle of rain which, with the preceding showers, made it slippery. The teams trotted out to the field, and at 3.20 "Hank" Somerville kicked off for St. Andrew's with the strong wind behind him.

"Hal" Degruchy got the kick off and was quickly tackled. St. Andrew's secured the ball and got right down to work. They bucked for their ten yards, and then Richardson kicked to Degruchy, who fumbled, giving St. Andrew's the ball on his own fifteen yard line. On the second down Richardson kicked over and "Geordie" Somerville fell on the ball for St. Andrew's first score—a touchdown. "Hank" Somerville converted it, making the score 6.

Soon after the kick-off Degruchy made a splendid run of thirty yards, bringing the ball to St. Andrew's quarter-way line before being downed. Malone spoiled an Upper Canada end run and secured the ball for St. Andrew's. They kicked out of their own territory and soon secured the ball near half-way. In an exchange of punts Upper Canada lost ground and their wing bucks gained little. Richardson ran around the end for twenty yards' gain and then kicked to Agar, who made a splendid run out to his quarter-way line. Richardson booted the ball over the line to Degruchy and Trow forced him to rouge by a great-flying tackle. Score: S.A.C., 7; U.C.C., 0.

Upper Canada couldn't buck through St. Andrew's line, "Dud" Ross and "Hank" Somerville being regular stone walls. Richardson gained fifteen yards and then kicked to the deadline, adding another point to the score. Soon afterwards quarter-time was called, with Upper Canada in possession of the ball near half-way. Score: S.A.C., 8; U.C.C., 0.

Soon after play recommenced St. Andrew's lost the ball on their own ten-yard line through interference, and after two downs Heintman was bucked over in a quarter buck. The try was not converted, so the score stood S.A.C., 8; U.C.C., 5. Degruchy

made a splendid run of twenty yards and then kicked to deadline, making Upper Canada's score 6. In a few minutes St. Andrew's lost the ball on interference and Degruchy kicked to deadline. In two minutes he did the same thing again, tying the score. He kicked behind the line again, but Richardson ran it out three yards. The three downs that followed were a tableau of offside interference owing to the slippery ground, and the scene ended with Upper Canada in possession of the ball three yards from St. Andrew's line. The next down, after the tangle of grimy legs and arms had been cleared away, "Hal" Degruchy was found over the St. Andrew's line with the ball tucked safely under his arm and a happy smile on his mud-spattered face, for the score now stood U.C.C., 13; S.A.C., 8.

St. Andrew's forced the play up the field, but finally Upper Canada got possession on their thirty-five-yard line, from where Degruchy kicked to deadline. The score remained unchanged till half-time was called. Just before the whistle blew Degruchy hurt his ankle and was forced to retire. Half-time score: U.C.C., 14; S.A.C., 8.

Second Half: Malone got the Upper Canada kick-off and ran ten yards. Beacroft made a splendid run of thirty yards, and from Upper Canada's forty-yard line Richardson kicked to deadline. Score: U.C.C., 14; S.A.C., 9. Upper Canada kicked and Richardson and Beacroft, by a nice little pass, gained twenty yards. St. Andrew's lost the ball on interference, and by an offside gave Upper Canada ten yards. Drew kicked to Beacroft, who passed to McQueen for another long run. Agar made a beautiful thirty-yard run for Upper Canada, and immediately afterwards Beacroft and McQueen, in a combined end run, gained it all back again. Incessant kicking followed until Richardson ran around the end for a gain of fifteen yards, and on the next down kicked over the line. Malone forced a rouge just as three-quarter time blew. Score: U.C.C., 14; S.A.C., 10.

Upper Canada kicked and Ross and Nation broke through for big gains. St. Andrew's lost the ball and Upper Canada kicked to Richardson, who made a thirty-yard run. St. Andrew's lost the ball again on interference, and Upper Canada kicked. Nation tore through for a pretty ten-yard run, and Upper Canada offside netted another ten. St. Andrew's kicked to Agar, who ran it well back. After several exchanges of punts Beacroft ran for twenty



yards before Burwash brought him down with a splendid tackle. St. Andrew's kicked to Tennant, who fumbled, losing possession of the ball. They kicked again, and Drew booted the ball into his own wing-line. Richardson kicked an onside kick to the Upper Canada line and Drew, who caught it, was shoved back for a safety-touch. Score: U.C.C., 14; S.A.C., 12.

Upper Canada kicked to half-way, and on St. Andrew's first down Richardson kicked just over the wings. Upper Canada got the ball and kicked. Now came the greatest misfortune of the game. St. Andrew's lost the ball on interference. Drew booted the ball down near the St. Andrew's line, and Beacroft slipped and fell just as he was about to catch it. The ball rolled over the line and the Upper Canada wings fell on it for a touchdown. Score: U.C.C., 19; S.A.C., 12. All the St. Andrew's team had fought hard, uphill and against the wind, and now, when only two points behind, this calamity fell, leaving only as a reward for their struggles the memory of those few minutes during which they were an honour to their school even in defeat. After a few more minutes of play, during which the teams put up a desperate struggle, time was called. The victorious Upper Canada boys were swept off the field on the shoulders of their jubilant supporters.

Little can be said of individual play after such a remarkable game for so slippery a field, but the work of "Hal" Degruchy in the second quarter was undoubtedly the greatest factor of Upper Canada's victory. Dudley Ross played the finest game for St. Andrew's, and "Butsy" Richardson also did some extraordinary work.

Line-up:

S.A.C.—Flying wing, "Geordie" Somerville (captain); halves, McQueen, Richardson, Beacroft; quarter, Wright; scrimmage, Livingstone, Rice, McKeague; insides, Rolph, Trow; middles, Ross, "Hank" Somerville; outsides, Malone, Nation.

U.C.C.—Full back, Howard; halves, Drew, Degruchy (captain), (Tennant), Agar; quarter, Heintman; scrimmage, Mara, Pepler, Peterson; insides, Campbell, Burwash; middles, Arnoldi, Saunders; outsides, Allan, Morse.

W. G. FIRSTBROOK.

**T.C.S. vs. S.A.C.**

ON November 2 the Firsts journeyed to Port Hope to play the annual fixture with Trinity College School.

The weather conditions were ill-combined: the field was, as is always the case at Trinity, very heavy; while the day was perfect football weather.

At three o'clock precisely the teams lined up. The Saints won the toss and elected to kick with the wind, which was blowing diagonally down the field.

When the whistle blew the Saints forced the play into Trinity territory, and an even game was looked for. But this hope was not long-lived. A thirty-yard buck by McKendrick soon carried the ball out of the danger zone. Then followed a series of long punts by Peary, till finally McQueen was forced to rouge. This was the only score in the initial quarter.

With the wind in their favor the T.C.S. boys kicked on every down, and soon were in possession of the ball at St. Andrew's ten-yard line. Then followed a splendid half-line buck which resulted in a try. Not converted. T.C.S., 6; S.A.C., 0.

The Red and Black, encouraged by this triumph, played the Saints off their feet, and it was not long before they had annexed two more touch-downs. When half-time was called the score was T.C.S., 17; S.A.C., 0.

When play was resumed the Crimson and White had a much changed team. This, however, did not affect Trinity, who in five minutes added another 6 points to their score.

Although at this stage of the game the St. Andrew's backs were playing sterling football, yet their line was weak and often fell before the onslaught of the Trinity bucks.

The end of the third quarter showed no further scoring.

Again T.C.S. used the wind to the utmost advantage, and with Peary's fine kicking forced the S.A.C. backs to rouge twice.

Peary caught a St. Andrew's punt and ran through a broken field for forty yards; on the next down T.C.S. scored another try.

From that time on the Saints played with renewed vigor, and one would have thought they were a different team. Their line bucks worked time and time again, especially those of Ross II., which were good ground-gainers.

They forced the Port Hope lads back to their line, and it was



the very hardest of luck that they did not score, for inches separated the pig-skin from the line when the final whistle was blown.

At last, when the game was over and the dust of battle had blown away, the tally showed thus: T.C.S., 30; S.A.C., 0.

St. Andrew's lacked team play, which would have proved a great advantage in a game of this nature.

If stars were to be chosen, no doubt Peary and Cochrane for T.C.S. would be on the list, while Ross II. and McQueen for the Saints would also appear.

Mr. Jimmie Bell and Lloyd Sifton handled the game to the satisfaction of all.

#### The Line-up:

T.C.S.—Flying wing, Bradfield; backs, Peary, Wallace, Pinkerton; quarter, Cochrane; scrim, Voght, Ellison, Ferbet; wings, McKendrick, Crouther, Aylen, Skinner, Edwards, Cook.

S.A.C.—Flying wing, Nelson; backs, McQueen, Richardson, Beacroft; quarter, Somerville II.; scrim., Wright II., Dimock I., McKeague; wings, Lion, Rolph I., Ross II., Somerville II., Malone, Nation; spares, Henry I., Paterson I., Ross I.

G. P.

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### S.A.C. vs. B.R.C.

ON Saturday, November 9th, the first fourteen journey to St. Catharines for their annual match with Ridley College. The day was fine for that time of the year, not too cold, as would be expected. The field was in fair condition and, as the team expressed, "the driest field we have played on this season." S.A.C. went to St. Catharines with the idea of stopping Ridley from obtaining the championship, in which, however, they were unsuccessful, but gave Ridley the hardest tussle they had experienced this year. The team played a steady game throughout, giving the best that was in them to the last minute of the game.

The game was scheduled for 2 p.m., but was half an hour late in commencing. St. Andrew's won the toss, and Somerville II. decided to defend the south end, kicking against the wind the first quarter, and so have the advantage in the last part of the game.

Cassels, of Ridley, began the game by kicking the ball to Richardson, who rushed it back for a gain of ten yards. St.

Andrew's resorted to wing bucks, but did not make their yards very often. Strong bucking by Ridley and a fumble near St. Andrew's line resulted in a touchdown for Ridley which was not converted. B.R.C., 5; S.A.C., 0.

Somerville I. kicked the ball, which was returned to Beacroft, who ran it back, but failed to make his yards. Dimock kicked on the last down, and by good following up of the wings Ridley were downed before making any gain. As Ridley had the wind in their favor, they kicked. McQueen caught the ball, passed to Richardson, who made a twenty-yard run. Trow bucked through B.R.C. for yards on the first down. S.A.C. failed to make yards on last down and Ridley obtained the ball. B.R.C. tried a long pass, which was successful, Drope gaining yards. B.R.C. lost the ball on interference on the next down. McQueen and Beacroft made yards on two successive downs, but on the next down S.A.C. lost the ball for interference. B.R.C. made yards and then kicked for a dead-line. B.R.C., 6; S.A.C., 0.

S.A.C. was forced to kick on last down. B.R.C. kicked again, but Ross I. ran the ball out from behind. S.A.C. made yards twice in succession, and then McQueen got away for a splendid thirty-yard run. Ross II. again made yards for S.A.C., but on the next down St. Andrew's lost the ball. Marani punted and Richardson made a flying catch. S.A.C. again lost the ball for interference and B.R.C. kicked. The ball changed hands a number of times, neither team gaining, until Ross II. went through B.R.C. for yards. By an error S.A.C. failed to kick on the last down and Ridley got the ball. Marani punted to Ross I. for a rouge. B.R.C., 7; S.A.C., 0.

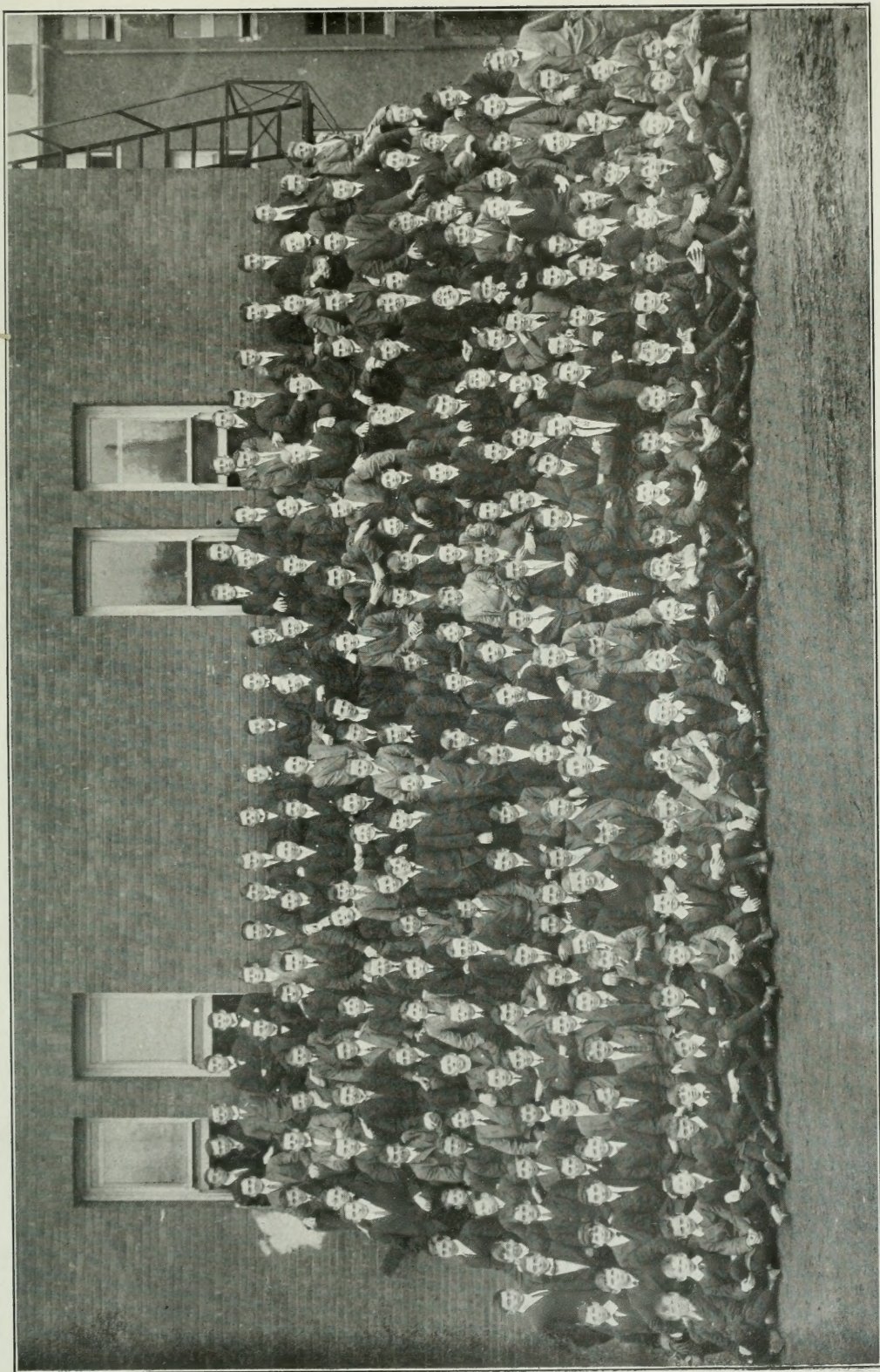
Somerville II. drop-kicked to Rice, who kicked, and the ball was returned to McQueen, who was downed one yard out. S.A.C. lost the ball on interference. Quarter-time called. B.R.C., 7; S.A.C., 0.

Ridley ball. B.R.C. bucked over for a touch, which was not converted. B.R.C., 12; S.A.C., 0.

Somerville I. kicked off, and ball was returned. S.A.C. punted on last down, but kick was blocked by Duffield of Ridley, who recovered the ball and got away for another touch, which was not converted. B.R.C., 17; S.A.C., 0.

The ball was returned after the kick-off, and Richardson kicked on the first down to Marani, who fumbled, and the ball was cap-









tured by Malone. Richardson again kicked, and B.R.C. was downed for a rouge. B.R.C., 17; S.A.C., 1.

S.A.C. soon obtained the ball again, and Richardson kicked. The man was downed for a rouge. B.R.C., 17; S.A.C., 2.

The ball changed hands a number of times, and then by persistent bucking S.A.C. brought the ball within two yards of B.R.C.'s line. Then Ross II. went back for a buck but failed to get over, and S.A.C. lost the ball for failing to make yards. S.A.C. again obtained the ball after Gordon's punt, and again got within a yard of Ridley's line, but failed to get over. Ridley successfully kicked the ball out of danger, and for the next two or three minutes the ball changed hands, neither team scoring. When about forty-five yards out, Richardson sent a beautiful drop kick, which went over. B.R.C., 17; S.A.C., 5.

S.A.C. obtained the ball on a fumble at the kick-off and punted. B.R.C. ball on their own line, and they punted to Nation. Hard bucking by Trow and Somerville I. resulted in a touch for St. Andrew's. The try was converted. B.R.C., 17; S.A.C., 11.

Soon after the kick-off the half-time whistle blew.

After half-time each team came out either to win or lose, playing for all that was in them. Somerville I. started the second half by kicking off to Cassels, who returned it. The halves interchanged a few punts until S.A.C. had the ball on the half-way line. Richardson, playing quarter, made the most sensational run of the day by going through the whole B.R.C. line for a touch, which Somerville I. converted. S.A.C., 17; B.R.C., 17.

Cassels kicked off to Ross I. and S.A.C. made yards on the first down, but on the next down lost the ball on interference. Marani punted the ball to Richardson, who gained yards. S.A.C. got ten yards on B.R.C. being off side. B.R.C. secured the ball and kicked to Ross I. behind the line, who fumbled, and a number of B.R.C. men fell on the ball for a touch, which they failed to convert. B.R.C., 22; S.A.C., 17.

After this punts were exchanged, Richardson saving two rouges by rushing the ball out from behind the line twice. S.A.C. kicked, but the ball was returned to Richardson, who fumbled behind the line, and Drope fell on it for another touch, which was not converted. B.R.C., 27; S.A.C., 17.

Somerville I. kicked to Cassells, who returned to Ross I. S.A.C. gained yards on four successive downs, by McQueen's and

Malone's great rushing, and were well up in B.R.C.'s territory when three-quarter time was called.

College kicked, but it was returned. On the next down the ball was kicked into touch. Ridley punted, but the ball was returned. Ridley lost the ball on interference. The teams kept up a continual interchange of punts until Malone fell on a loose ball, but S.A.C. failed to make anything out of it. Ross I. gave McQueen a forward pass and B.R.C. obtained the ball close by our own line. Then, by a successful buck, Torrè went over for a try, which was converted. B.R.C., 33; S.A.C., 17.

Somerville I. kicked off, and it was returned. S.A.C. kicked, but it was blocked; recovered by Nation. College kicked again and Somerville II. forced a rouge. B.R.C., 33.; S.A.C., 18.

A fizzled drop-kick was captured by S.A.C., and they tried to kick, but failed. B.R.C. got offside and St. Andrew's obtained the ball and kicked. An interchange of punts took place. St. Andrew's ball when time was called. Final score: B.R.C., 33.; S.A.C., 18.

The line-up was:

B.R.C.—Flying wing, Martin; halves, Drope, Gordon, Marani; quarter, Mix.; scrumage, Gooderham, Salaway, Thistlethwaite; inside wings, Cassells (captain), Duffield; middle wings, Nicholson, Torrè; outside wings, Sneed, Manley.

S.A.C.—Flying wing, Somerville II. (captain); halves, Beacroft, Ross I., McQueen; quarter, Richardson; scrumage, McKeague, Rice II., Dimock; inside wings, Trow, McLennan; middle wings, Ross II., Somerville I.; outside wings, Malone, Nation.

Umpire, Park. Referee, Dixon.

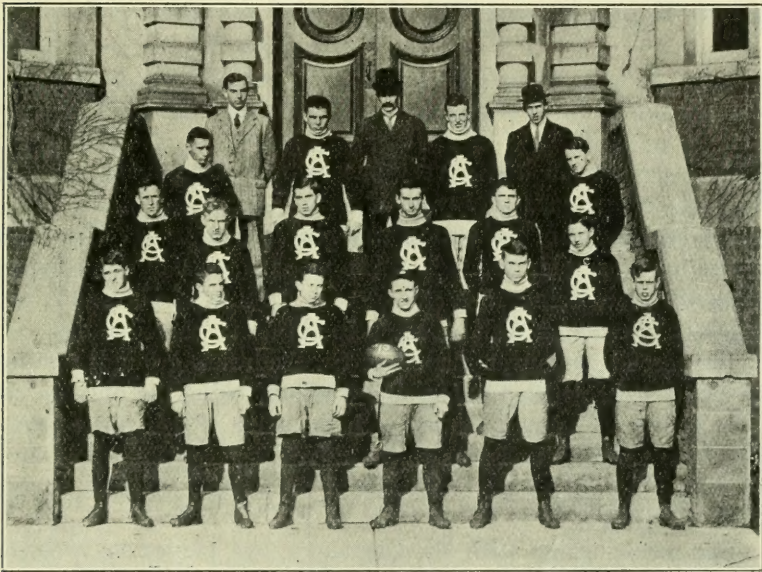
Stars for Ridley were: Cassells, Drope and Marani. For St. Andrew's: Somerville II., McQueen and Ross II. The score does not indicate the closeness of the play.

H. S. L.



### THE SECOND TEAM

TO say that the second team had a successful season is correct; indeed they had all the success that was possible, winning all three games that they played. The first game was against St. Catharines High School. In the first few minutes of play our opponents being heavier, overwhelmed us, but condition soon told, and at the end of the game the score stood in favor of St. Andrew's. In this game Gord. Ross' kicking was the feature, together with the following up of the wings.



Second Rugby Team.

The next game, played at Hamilton against Highfield School, was fought out in the mud of the Cricket Grounds. The St. Andrew's boys outclassed their opponents in every department of the game, and proved it by defeating them 24 to 4.

Lastly came the U.C.C. game, which was played on their own grounds. The tally-ho left the school about 3 o'clock, and the game was started directly we arrived. The field was the slip-priest that the team had yet encountered, and the drizzling rain

made playing far from agreeable. The first points were made by S.A.C. Wright falling on a muffed ball behind their line. This was converted by Paterson I. During the second quarter U.C.C. only scored five points on rouges. During the second half U.C.C. scored two points to the Saint's five, making the final score 11-7 in our favor. Soot made some sensational bucks, while all the halves played steady football. The team wishes to thank Hatch for his untiring work during the season. The following received second team colors:

Paterson I. (capt.), Wright I., Rolph, Nelson, Blair, Soot, Paterson II., Brown, Wallace I., Wallace II., Findley, Yuille, Ingram, Henry, Munn I., Rice I., Rand.

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### THIRD TEAM

**T**HE third team had a very successful season, winning four out of five games played.

The first game of the season was played against St. Clement's College firsts on their grounds. The game was easily won by the thirds, the score being 15-7. The good bucking of Davis II. and the long end runs of Wallace II. helped S.A.C. considerably.

The second game was played on St. Andrew's grounds against University Schools II. This game was lost, being the only defeat of the season. The game ended with the score 16-8 in their favor. This game proved disastrous to the thirds, as Davis II. was hurt and could not play for the remainder of the season. Wilson starred for St. Andrew's.

The return game with St. Clement's was played on October 16th, which the thirds won easily, the score being 36-5.

On Saturday, October 19th, the thirds journeyed to Hamilton to play a match against Highfield seconds. This was the first game played away from home, and every fellow tried his best to win. The game was played on Hamilton Athletic Grounds. The field was very soft after the rain the night before, and therefore it was hard to do much running. Munn I. proved himself to be a strong kicker, which helped very considerably. At half-time the score was 3-0 in St. Andrew's favor. After half-time St. Andrew's proved to be strong buckers, and it was not long before they went over for a touch-down. This seemed to dishearten their opponents, and



S.A.C. had no trouble in scoring. It was only a question what the score would be at full time. The game ended 36-3 in S.A.C.'s favor. The strong kicking of Munn I. was the feature of the game, while Leishman I., Wilson and McIntosh starred for St. Andrew's.

The last and most important game was played on College grounds against U.C.C. S.A.C. won the toss and by Munn's kicking forced the play. Quarter-time the score was 8-0 in S.A.C. favor. U.C.C. had the wind the next quarter, but S.A.C. held them very well. Half-time score, 8-2.

S.A.C. scored a touchdown by McIntosh's fast following up. The last quarter U.C.C. played much stronger, but were unable to recover the lead the Saints had. When the game ended the score was 15-4 in St. Andrew's favor.

For St. Andrew's Munn I., Leishman I. and Brown II. starred. The following received third team colors: Wilson, McLaren, McIntosh, Leishman I., Willoughby, Whitaker II., Johnstone, Brown II., Urquhart, Rolph II., Rankin, McIvor, Henry II., Herskowitz, Wright II., Davis, Gibson, Cassels (captain). The team wishes to thank Bradley for the time he gave in coaching and managing the team.

W. G. CASSELS.

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### LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY

**T**HE rugby season just closed has, so far as the Lower School is concerned, proved a great success. Of four games played they won three, only losing the fourth to a team much superior in weight.

The first game took place at U.C.C., St. Andrew's winning by a score of 30 points to 0. For St. Andrew's, McDougall, Cameron and Munn were easily the best men on the field.

Then U.C.C. came down to St. Andrew's with a much stronger team, and the Crimson could only run up 17 points to the Blues' 7. McDougall again carried off the honors of star player.

A few days later University School Senior Fourth team played S.A.C. Lower School on the latter's grounds, and went down to defeat by 24 to 0. McDougall and Comstock did good work, while Stevenson was also worthy of mention, he getting away many times for long runs.

Then St. Andrew's met their one and only defeat of the season, at the hands of Harbord Collegiate. The greatly superior weight of the Harbord team was almost altogether responsible for their victory, and their heavy wing-line completely demoralized the light Crimson boys. The score was 35 to 0.

The good all-round work of McDougall throughout the season was the most brilliant feature of the team. McGillivray's tackling, though inclined to be high, also deserves mention. Comstock kicked well, and Munn, though inclined to disobey signals, did some fine work behind the line. Cameron's bucking, particularly against Upper Canada, was of a high class.

The line-up: Scrimmage, Winter I., Leishman II., Hennessey II.; insides, Cameron, Davies; middles, Hay, Winter II.; out-sides, McDougall, McGillivray; quarter, Grant II. (manager); halves, Comstock (captain), Munn II., Davis III.; full, Stevenson.

W. F. G.

W. H. C.

## THE SECOND TEAM, JUNIOR HOUSE

THE second team was pretty light this year, as the junior house was fairly small. Wood was captain, and he made a very good captain indeed. He governed the team well and made the fellows do pretty much as he said.

The second team started rather late in the year, and we only got two games all the year, and were beaten both times by Upper Canada College. The first game their team was a lot too heavy for ours, and they were very decent, and put their best man off at half-time. After that we had a better show.

The second game two of their men were on the firsts, and we were not beaten so badly. All the team thinks that if MacDonald had been playing the first game it would have been a lot better for us, but he was laid up with a bad cold and could not play.

The second team were as follows: Morgan, Calvert, Somers I., Wood (captain), Odell I., Odell II., Macdonald, Syme, Grant III., Tugwell, Love, Millington (manager). Robertson II., Lockart. Spares: 1st, Willis; 2nd, Kent II.

C. MILLINGTON.



**CRICKET—UPPER CANADA AT ST. ANDREW'S**

**T**HOUGH too late for the midsummer edition of the REVIEW, the cricket game between Upper Canada and St. Andrew's on Saturday, June 8th, proved to be one of the most exciting of the season. Upper Canada won by three wickets and nine runs.

The day was perfect and the crease was in splendid condition. Cassels won the toss and elected to bat. Rolph and Ross I. batted first for the College, with Gunsalus and McLean the opposing bowlers. Both batsmen, generally reliable, belied their reputation by being forced to retire, after having made but one and two respectively. Ross II., next man up, made a splendid stand, knocking up 23 before having his stumps taken by Gunsalus. Stephen helped to swell the total by 29 before succumbing to one of De-Gruchy's "yorkers." Gradually the score crept up from 50 to 60, to 70, and then to 80. Nine wickets gone for 85! Everyone sat tense, counting slowly: 86—87—88—89—90. Will they make a century? "Good!" "Splendid, Monty!" "That's the way, Skin, old boy!" And so the half-smothered shouts kept escaping from the spectators. 91, 92, and Montgomery's wicket flew up, as a well-bowled ball from Gunsalus' delivery hit it.

Upper Canada then went to bat and provided a great deal of excitement and numerous predictions, opinions and many other things by finishing just one behind the College. Inglis made 58 of their 91, and was without doubt the saviour of U.C.C. from a severe beating.

In the second innings the school counted 62. Ross I. atoned for his former failure by knocking up 35. Upper Canada, in their second turn at bat, made 72 for nine wickets when stumps were drawn, thereby winning the match by 3 wickets and 9 runs. Inglis again proved himself the premier batsman, contributing 41 not out.

At the conclusion of the match the teams repaired to the Tuck, where a delectable repast was served them by Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald. When the last sandwich had been stowed away three cheers and a tiger were lustily given for Mr. Grace, the coach, who did so much for the team. What he will do next season we can only surmise. Will it be three wickets and nine runs for U.C.C., or an innings and nine runs for the College? Um-mmm! Well, you can never tell!

LASH.

### PRESENTATION OF CRICKET PRIZES

THE following prizes were awarded at the end of the cricket season, open to 1st team only:

Best batting average. Bat, presented by the Athletic Association. Won by Stephen.

Best bowling average. Ball, presented by Athletic Association. Won by L. Wright.

Fielding Prize. Bat, presented by Grace. Won by G. Ross.

Prize for greatest improvement in batting. Bat, presented by Mr. Knighton. Won by Hayes.

Prize for most capable cricketer on Lower Flat. Bat, presented by Mr. Tudball. Won by Whitaker.

Prize for greatest improvement in batting in the Junior School. Bat, presented by Dr. Macdonald. Won by Macdonald.



Four of a Kind.



### THE SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY

ON Friday, November 22, the annual Cross Country Run took place. The day was all that could be desired for such an event.

Of some forty competitors who toed the mark, Hamilton, who finished second last year, trotted home first. He was followed by Wallace II., who surprised everyone and captured the silver medal.

Wright and Findlay provided an exciting finish for the third place. Wright was better on the final sprint, and won out.

The course this year is a new one, and by judging the time with that of other years appears to be not so long.

Hamilton's time was 19.20 2-5, which is very good considering the number of hills which are in the course.

Although Hamilton was first all the way, yet many places and cakes were keenly contested. The following is the finish of the first twelve and their prizes:

(1) Hamilton, gold medal; (2) Wallace II., silver medal; (3) Wright I., bronze medal; (4) Findley, 2nd team cake; (5) Skinner, first boarders' cake; (6) Johnson I., Upper Flat cake; (7) Hennessy II., Lower School cake; (8) Willoughby, Lower Flat cake; (9) McPherson 4a cake; (10) Ross II., Prefects' cake; (11) McEachern, Lower Sixth cake; (12) Malone, Upper Sixth cake; (13) Cantley; (14) Henry I.; (15) McDougall.

G. P.

### HOCKEY PROSPECTS

PRESENT indications point to a successful season among the puck chasers. There is much new material in the school, all of which promises well. Cantley, who is acting captain, is the only old color back this year, although Grange is expected back after the holidays. This strong pair would make a splendid nucleus for a fast team. The majority of last year's seconds are back, ready to jump into the game, and all are anxious to go up.

We are very fortunate in securing the Arena for our practices and games. We are again in the Junior O.H.A., grouped with Upper Canada and St. Michael's College. This tri-cornered schedule should prove an extremely interesting one. The enthusiasm manifest in the school so early in the season augurs well for the support that the team will receive this season.

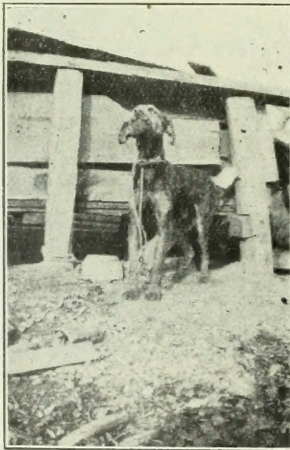
### THE JUNIOR HOUSE CROSS COUNTRY

**O**N Monday, November 25th, the annual Junior Cross Country Run was held. The course was very muddy and excellent time was made, only thirty-two seconds behind the record.

At half-past three fourteen boys bearing the colors of the College lined up at the back of the building for the start. The two preparatory boys were given a handicap of about one hundred yards.

After sixteen minutes and thirty-two seconds' ploughing through the mud, Hennessy II. crossed the tape for the silver medal. About forty seconds later McGillivray came in for the bronze medal. McDougal came in next, winning the Upper School cake. Next came the surprise to all, Barnfield coming in, followed closely by Simpson, Barnfield winning the preparatory cake and Simpson Mrs. Montgomery's table cake. This first form cake was won by Morgan and the 2nd form cake won by Hay. Winter II., who came in eighth, won Mr. Jennings's table cake, and Grant II. won Mr. Wilson's table cake. The order the runners came in is as follows: (1) Hennessy II., (2) McGillivray, (3) McDougal I., (4) Barnfield, (5) Simpson, (6) Winter II., (7) Hay, (8) Syme, (9) Winter I., (10) Morgan, (11) Wood, (12) Grant II., (13) Leishman III., (14) Sommers I.

W. S. C.



"Gyp The Blood."



## Miscellaneous

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### CADET CORPS

The prospects for the Cadet Corps this year are good, in fact, better than ever, but owing to it being organized later than usual they were unable to appear at the fall Church Parade, but with the able drilling of Sergt. Sinclair and officers, they hope to appear stronger than ever in the spring parade.

The following are the officers for 1912-13:—Captain, D. E. Ross; 1st Lieutenant, E. S. Thompson; 2nd Lieutenant, M. E. Malone; Color-Sergt., G. O. Paterson; Sergts., D. Wright, S. Henry, L. Wright, B. Brown, and Corporal, H. Leckie.

E. S. T.

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### NEW BOYS' NIGHT

QUITE an innovation in initiation for new boys was introduced this year, and proved a success—at least the timid Freshmen appreciated this more gentle mode of introduction, as many of them had spent sleepless nights since their arrival in contemplation of the dire and inquisitorial tortures in store for them.

The ceremony took the form of a high-class entertainment, the talent for which was drawn, or rather extracted, from the ranks of the new boys. The programme was long and varied, consisting of vocal, instrumental and oratorical outbursts by different artists, each and every one of which drew rounds of applause. Mr. Taylor and several old boys also contributed to the evening's enjoyment.

Dr. Macdonald was present, and in opening the evening made a short address, which made all the new boys feel at home and the old boys feel glad they were back again.

The first number was a piano selection by Mr. Taylor, who played over many of the old favorites, and the bunch joined in the choruses.

Chase, Rand, Smith II. and White, the original village choir quartette, rendered "Moonlight Bay" in truly operatic style, and were rewarded with much applause.

Clare, Black and Wright II., the bashful trio, shivered and fidgetted through "Everybody's Doin' It," while Yuille accompanied.

McGill's piano pounding came next, and he was followed by Beacroft, who was very well received in his two solos.

Smith then contributed some violin harmony while Urquhart was preparing his oration on the Oakville Brass Band, which immediately followed. His statement that "all the folks went down to the band concert by the town pump on Saturday evening" evoked much merriment.

White then sang "The Pirate Chief," and revealed a voice of exceptional strength.

Yuille obliged with his ever-pleasing interpretation of popular harmony, and was encored again and again.

DeBeek, Blair and Henry I. then appeared in "Music of Any Old Kind," and their rendition of parodies on current songs elicited much applause.

The concluding item was the first yell practice of the year, and the new boys were put through all the college yells and songs.

Whether this new idea will become popular we cannot say, but we might mention that, as the suggestion came from headquarters, it will, without doubt, become the custom in the future.

BEATH.



A Lower School Group.



### THE FOOTBALL DINNER

**A**S a pleasant conclusion to the season just past the annual Football Dinner was held on Friday evening, November 21st. A large number, including Dr. Macdonald, members of the staff, athletic directorate, first and second teams, cross country winners and the third team captains, were present, and all enjoyed a sumptuous repast and a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum also showed their interest by being present.

The dining-hall was beautifully decorated for this festive occasion, and the long tables, showing the deftness and skill of Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum, were extremely tantalizing with their tempting array of good things.

After all had partaken of the feast and the inner man was quite satisfied, an extensive list of toasts was carried out under the direction of Dr. Macdonald, who acted as toastmaster. During the evening Mr. Knighton, Mr. James and Beecroft rendered solos, all of which were much enjoyed. Mr. Taylor also favoured with several piano selections. Following is the toast list:

- (1) The King. Proposed by Dr. Macdonald.
- (2) Canada and the Empire. Proposed by Ross II. Responded to by Beath.
- (3) The College. Proposed by Mr. James. Responded to by Mr. Robinson.
- (4) The Staff. Proposed by Somerville I. Responded to by Mr. Taylor.
- (5) The Athletic Association. Proposed by Malone. Responded to by Mr. Knighton.
- (6) The First Team. Proposed by Rolph I. Responded to by Somerville II.
- (7) The Second Team. Proposed by Travis. Responded to by Paterson I.
- (8) The Cross Country. Proposed by Dimock. Responded to by Hamilton.
- (9) The Ladies. Proposed by McKeague. Responded to by Henry I.

A vote of thanks was given Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum for the kindly interest they had taken in the team all season, and for their help in the preparations for the dinner. The evening was brought to a close by singing "God Save the King" and the college songs.



Cripples



## THE ANNUAL PRIZE DAY

ON October the twenty-second the annual prize day was held. The College halls were prettily decorated with palms and autumn branches of maple and oak trees; and on the landing of the main stairway a Venetian orchestra discoursed sweet music during the afternoon. Although the weather was not as favorable as it might have been, many of the friends of the school were present to enjoy the speeches and take part in the festivities. The guests who occupied the platform were: Mr. Rolph, Sir Mortimer Clark, Lady Gibson, Archdeacon Cody, ex-Mayor Geary, President Falconer of the University of Toronto, with several of the Faculty; Lady Clark, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. R. S. Wilson, and Mrs. Galbraith were also present.

The headmaster, in his address, outlined the progress of the school in all departments, and announced the coming removal away from the press of the city to grounds of a hundred and thirty acres extent at York Mills. After this address the prizes were presented by the guests of honor, each making an appropriate speech. The speech of Professor Baker was especially interesting to the scholars, dealing as it did with the views of the past generation of schoolboys on the subjects which are now the "cruces" of many of them. After the prizes had been distributed the boys were dismissed and the guests adjourned to the dining hall, where refreshments were served.

The following were prize winners:

Form Upper VI.—General Proficiency, Montgomery Smoke.

Literary Society.—Senior Reading, G. H. Lash.

Junior Recitation, Allin III.

Junior Reading, Skinner I.

Wyld Prize in Latin—Cooper.

Governor General's Medal—McClinton.

Lieutenant-Governor's Medal—Silver medal, Cooper.

Bronze medal, Smoke.

Chairman's Gold Medal—Cooper.

Lt.-Col. Gibson's Prize for Shooting—McClinton.

Mr. A. E. Thorley's Medal for Shooting—Morton.

St. George Chapter of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire—de Sherbinin I.

48th Highlanders' Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire—de Sherbinin III.

Lower Preparatory—Cronyn I., King.

Upper Preparatory—Morgan, Brown II.

Form I.—Marks, Grant IV., Allin III.

Form II.—Willoughby, Stevenson, Firstbrook II.

Form III B.—Macdonald, Wildman II. Lowndes III.

Form III. A.—Bennett II, Leckie II, Eakins.

Form IV. B.—McLennan.

Form IV. A.—McLaren, Grant, Johnston.

R.M.C. Form.—Cassels I., Morton.

Lower Sixth—Cooper, Carlyle.

Five A.—Brown I., Wildman I.



Camp Kagawong



## AS OTHERS SEE US

**I**N college life you're bound to meet  
With fellows strange and queer;  
And some of them you're glad to greet,  
Who turn up year by year.  
Their mannerisms may be odd,  
Their dispositions biting,  
But yet somehow we spare the rod,  
And, sparing, save much fighting.

You've often met the sorehead  
And the fellow with the grouch;  
You've often met the student  
And the lazy, shiftless slouch;  
You've often ragged a new boy,  
Who needed to be tamed;  
And he, being fresh and foolish,  
Of course you were not blamed.

You may have licked a bully,  
Then licked him well some more;  
You've argued with the pessimist,  
And talked with many a bore;  
You've kidded heaps of fussers,  
Rough-housers you have mauled—  
Did you e'er think which one of these  
By others YOU are called?

Just stop and think a moment:  
Were *you* never peeved or sore?  
Never plug a little bit?  
Or want a master's gore?  
And weren't you once a new boy?  
And fussing? Forgotten the dance?  
Just think all these things over,  
And come out of that trance.

M. G. B.

**DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT—**

**T**HE hair collected from the floors of Toronto barber shops would, if stretched end to end, reach from Oakville to Goderich and as far back as Petrolea?

That half the Canadian peach crop goes to Branksome?

That the college songs contain less water than Lake Ontario?

A double-gating is conducive to economy?

The prefects are a good-looking bunch?

The Mayor of Sudbury gets up regularly at 9.30 on week-days and at thirty minutes of ten on every other day in the week except Sunday?

There are over two hundred pea-soup eaters in Montreal?

There are several more humorous things than a caning?

The old school isn't such a bad place after all?

This is rather foolish piffle?

---

**A** DELIGHTFUL debutante's tea was given by Mrs. Cupidio McKeague for her daughter, Gwendoline Rolph. The tea was held in Room 19. All was prepared with the greatest secrecy and care. The room was suitably decorated for the occasion. The guests waited until the appointed time, and when Miss Rolph lightly tapped the transom with her knee, they all entered. Mrs. Cupidio McKeague was dressed in a charming chiffon de pyjama effect and carried her weight well. Miss Rolph, the guest of honour, wore a charming creation of striped jardin de Paris effect with wide rents throughout scattered about her apparel artistically. Lady de Ooffy Ross arrived early and fully intended to stay late, as is her custom, only she was unfortunately called away by a gentleman friend, but while she stayed she demolished a large part of the refreshments. Miss de Wright wore a charming smile and received with Mrs. McKeague. Miss Warrena Nelson, being delayed, hastily slipped on a banana skin and arrived when the festivities were at their height. The refreshments—all that was left after Lady Ooffy got through—were served at 11.30 sharp and



were thoroughly enjoyed. All was going well when Miss Gwendoline unfortunately slipped and bumped her head on the ceiling and ripped her dress. She was forced to retire for the rest of the evening.

Mrs. McKeague did a Yiddisher war-dance and Miss de Wright sang. The guests hurriedly departed, having up to this time spent a very enjoyable evening. Mrs. McKeague intends shortly to give another tea as soon as her daughter recovers from her most harassing evening.

M. E. M.

---

**LETTER WRITTEN BY A WEST AFRICAN NATIVE  
TO HIS EMPLOYER, ASKING FOR AN IN-  
CREASE OF WAGES**

LAGOS COLONIAL HOSPITAL,  
October 22nd.

*Dear Sir,*—I have the honor most respectfully to fall into a discourse in the following order. It is only a negotiation, and I sincerely beg that the each sentence may unanimously be taken into a deep consideration. For all that I am mentioned in this epistle is not a superfluous matter. Before the intimation of my request, I should not, however, lose sight of the following fact. For why should I continue to put the cart before the horse. Since I have been entered into your service as a Steward I have no doubt to acknowledge the condition of your generosity. In a word I have always found you specially a good man. And so I am towards you. Be not surprised to learn in this epistle that I am not in the habit of doing your work in an eye service, but in the awe of God, for I am a Christian. In the Theological Phrases or in the Bible we usually encountered with the same. Therefore my reason in writing you this Epistle is to increase my Monthly Salary. I never made any objection with any increasement you may have increased me as to your natural desire, or you may liberally increased me. For I am always in need. The reason of my want is that the population of this Town, also, I am, were now exposed into affliction of Famine during the Commencement of this year. For this purpose I had come to unsatisfactory conclusion with

my wages. I beg your most honor and condition to Sincerely Grant My Petition. Farthermore there is more to be considered, I publicly suggest that, with all probability I am worthy of increasement for it is rather a long period that I have entered into your service. In spite of that Cook is increased whilst I am not increased. According to position I am a senior to Cook and he is a junior. I beg to express that since the Pantry-boy has gone who persistently received his wages when were here, I am also represented him. In all these things did I not work of increasement? As to the Cook I never go jealous against him, I wish every individuality to be prospered in your employment. I beg to close.

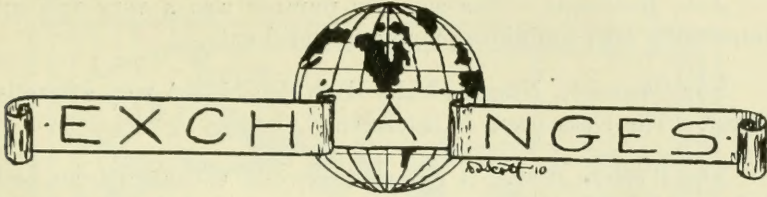
Your boy,

JOE.



"Trav."





*The Lawrence*, Lawrenceville School, is a most excellent and representative paper of American school life. It is full of interesting cuts that give one a splendid idea of the type of student attending this fine school and of their various activities. A very welcome exchange.

*St. Margaret's Chronicle*.—Pleasing as usual; excellent cuts; good athletic news.

*The Academy Bulletin*, Westmount, Quebec.—The most elaborate and ambitious of our exchanges. It is beautifully edited and printed; full of splendid photographs and very interesting. "Some Frivolous Impressions of Palestine" is an exceptionally good article.

*Branksome Slogan*.—A welcome exchange. Its stories are particularly good, but we should enjoy a few more illustrations.

*Lux Columbiana*.—An acceptable, progressive journal of Western flavour.

*The Scotch Collegian*, Melbourne, Australia.—A very interesting publication, whose photos portray a fine type of student and young manhood.

*Alt-Heidelberg* comes as an ever-welcome exchange. The verses by A. F. F. are particularly clever and interesting.

*Vox Lycei*, Ottawa.—A splendid little journal, full of interesting reading. The summer number printed some very good stories and some equally good verse.

*The Collegian*, St. Thomas.—An unusually fine school paper.

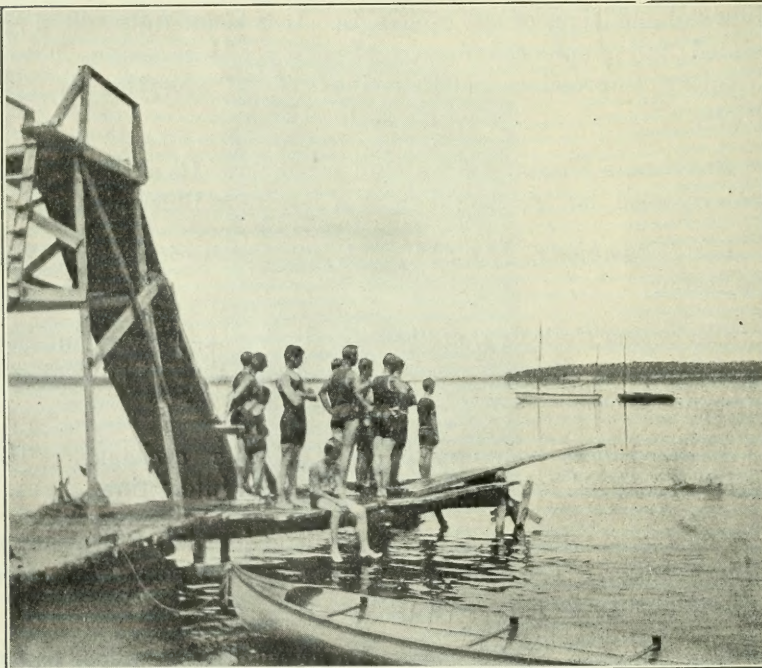
*T.C.S. Record*.—Somewhat local, with plenty of athletic news.

*Acta Ridleiana*.—The summer number was a very full and interesting one, containing many splendid cuts.

*The Chronicle*, Niagara Falls High School.—A very attractive paper. The class poem is interesting.

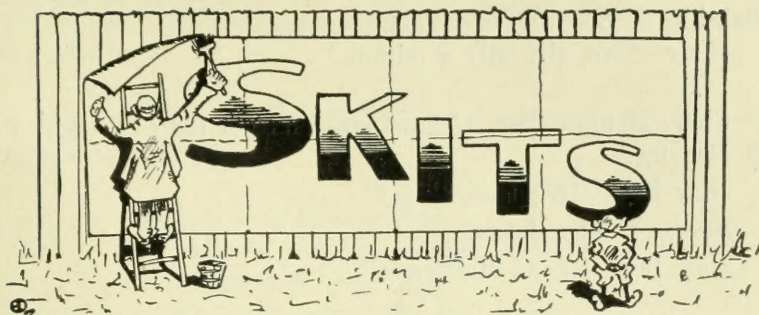
*The Western Star*.—A new and welcome exchange from Lethbridge, Alberta. We wish you every success, and shall hope to see future numbers.

We also wish to acknowledge, with thanks: *The Argo*, *The Mirror*, *Queen's Journal*, *The University Monthly*, *Black and Red*, *Blue and White*, *The Quill*, and *Bishop Bethune College Magazine*—all old friends, whose appearance is most gratifying. We miss several other exchanges, but hope the Christmas issues will appear as usual.



Wharf at Camp Kagawong





Rolph to Henry I.—“Do you want a skit for the REVIEW?”  
 Stew. Henry—“Yes.”  
 Rolph—“Scat!”

Ross II. to Manville—“Did you go broke to the U.C.C. game?”  
 Manville—“No, but I came home that way.”

Heard in Form II.

Mr. James—“A camel can go without water for two weeks.”

Second Form Boy—“So could I, if Mrs. Montgomery would let me.”

Mr. K. (to Whitaker II. in lab.)—“Don't let a train of thought wreck your brain.”

Mr. Fleming in 10B.—“Excuse me, class, if I ask you to think a minute.”

Mr. Laidlaw—“They never knew when Queen Anne was going to reign.”

Davis II.—“Sir, did her subjects always carry umbrellas?”

Mr. Tudball (in lower study)—“Leckie, you've got three hours' work.”

Leckie—“No, sir. Only two hours, and three hours late!”

Mr. Findley (coming into IV. A.)—"Quarter of an hour, Blair!"

Blair—"No, sir, only a minute."

Stew. Henry—"Say, fellows, try and get me some skits for the REVIEW."

New Boy—"What are skits?"

Stew.—"Why, jokes!"

New Boy—"Take McGregor."

Mr. Td—"Ault, pick up the paper on the floor!"

Ault—"Do I look like a janitor?"

N.B.—Yes.—Ed.

Fat Ferguson is back to play centre for St. Andrew's in the O.H.A. this winter.

Willoughby, seeing Risteen turning his bed round—"Gee fellows, Rusty is going to put his head down nearer his feet."

Mr. Walker—"How old are you, Ault?"

Ault.—"Eighteen, sir!"

Mr. Walker—"No hope!"

Romance of a Stenographer—

"Dictation."

"Admiration."

"Fascination."

"Matrimony."

"Flirtation."

"Irritation."

"Separation."

"Alimony."

Mr. Walker in Lower Study—"Stand up, the boy who was making that noise!"

Scott—"Sir, it was Kingston scratching his head."



Lieutenant Thompson of the St. Andrew's College Cadets will give private drill lessons on Tuesday and Thursday of each week at 5 p.m.

New Boy, noticing Hutching's mouth—"Gee, look at the tough mug on that guy!"

Sing a song of tuck shop,  
Fellows gathered around;  
Drinking pop by gallons,  
Eating doughnuts by the pound.  
Enters portly person,  
Orders up an egg;  
Wonder who it is? Why—  
Only Fat McKeague!

Mr. Finley—"What are the fortunes of war?"

Blair—"The moving picture rights, sir!"

Mr. Bishop—"I'm the guy that put the water in the soup."

Hayes—"Do you know how the thief got away with the college mat?"

Travis—"I suppose he beat it."

Mr. Tudball had a Persian cat,  
It warbled like Caruso;  
A Master threw a cricket bat,—  
Now it doesn't do so.

Mr. Wilson—"What is velocity?"

Morgan—"Velocity is what a boy lets go of the chair with after being caned."

Rolph, translating *bien soif*—Bean soup.

Mr. Laidlaw—"Since the reign of George III. food is so high—I mean, the price is so high."

Merc. Ingram—"Gee, fellows; I'm bust. I've spent all my money at the lady barbers'!"

Mr. Taylor, to White, asking for ten o'clock leave on Earl Grey's half-holiday—"I'd give anything if I had a brick."

Aloe Ingram, who has just found a piece of wood in his sausage—"I don't mind eating dogs, but when it comes to putting the kennel in, it's going too far."

Stewart (talking about a Xmas present)—"How would you like a pet monkey, Marjorie?"

"Oh, Stewart! this is so sudden!"

The annual meeting of room 22 was held on Nov. 6th, and the following is the extract from the minutes:—

Hon. Pres.—Tony, alias Nelson.

Furnace Boy—Isaac, alias Pat I.

Bell hop, Janitor, etc.—Limosine Jimmy, alias Beath.

Stranger to Urquhart—"Who are you?"

Urquhart—"Why, I'm the guy that put the oak in Oakville."

McEachern (waiting for a pan-cake at Childs')—"I say, waiter, will that pan-cake be long?"

"No, sir; it will be round."

The terrible three—Bradley, Allen II., and Wallace.

Mr. Magee to Ingram—"Wake up, Ingram! No sleeping here. Wait till after three."

Manville to Rich. Davis—"Hey, Rich! what do you do in your country when there is no pasture for the cows?"

"Why, we put green goggles on them, and feed them shavings."

Mathuse—"What does the milk taste like?"

Davis—"Oh! antique furniture!"



Henry I. in school—"Oh, dear!"

Mr. Tudball—"Yes?"

Henry I.—"I wasn't talking to you, sir!"

Debec (to maid at table)—"Say, I want an egg that hasn't a chicken in it."

Willoughby—"Do you think Taylor can keep a secret?"

Risteen—"I don't know, but he keeps everything else he lays his hands on."

Mr. Knighton—"This is a colorless brown gas."

Mr. Taylor to Kingston—"Why do you want to go down town?"

Kingston—"Because me knows me does."

Bennett to Mosely—"I remember two good jokes, but I forget them."

Malone to Nation (at dinner table)—"Doesn't this milk taste funny?"

Nation—"Yes; the rain yesterday made the water supply bad."

Kingston (at Tuck shop)—"Come on, fellows, have something on me! I've got a nickel!"

Sandy Blair,  
He comes from the West,  
He once wore a hat,  
Not always the best!

He now wears a christie,  
For a very good reason:  
Mr. Taylor upholds  
That they're stylish this season.

Mr. Robinson, coming into Upper Sixth after Trigonometry period—"The air in here is thick, boys."

Voice—"Yes, sir; we've been having a dense subject."

Mr. Tudball—"Stop looking up here."

Scott—"I can't help it, sir."

Conductor to Malone on way from Port Hope—"Sir, you land in Toronto without change."

Malone—"That's the way I always land."

Paterson I., sitting by an open window—"I feel a draft."

Stew. Henry—"Where's the cheque?"

Travis eating a shredded wheat biscuit—"I have found a thread in this!"

Ross II.—"Didn't you know that the wheat is sown?"

White, new boy, who never looked very dangerous before, contributes the following:—

"My Morning Meditation.

"Let Mr. Taylor preach upon a morning breezy

How well to rise, while nights and larks are flying!

For my part, getting up seems not so easy

By half,—as lying."

After an examination by eminent sanity experts, his case was diagnosed as "dementia versana." Hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Stewart (to Scott who is umpiring kicking game), "I believe you're cheating. If you're going to cheat at all, cheat fair."

Ben Allen,—Say fellows, we're going to have street cars in Goderich."

Bradley; "When?"

Ben Allen—"As soon as they elect me mayor."





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TORONTO; CANADA**

Bradley—"Hamilton is some burg; there's a building there nine stories high."

Stew. Henry—"That's nothing! The basements in the buildings in Windsor are that high."

Ault, to Wilson—"You're wanted on the phone; a female, I think."

Wilson—"Gee, just tell her to wait a minute till I go up and change my collar."

Wallace II., seeing a man drop his watch over Suicide Bridge. "There's a waste of time, all right."

Boug—"To-day is my birthday and I just got my first present."

McLaren—"What was it?"

Boug—"Mr. Tudball gave me a house late."

If an earthquake struck the *Globe*, would the *Mail and Empire*, *Telegram* the *News* 'round the *World* to *Jack Canuck*?

Leckie II.—"Here's a Toronto soldier marching down Church Street to the Front."

Mr. Walker—"Hennessy, I'll gate you."

Hennessy—"Sir, I'd rather have a fence."

Can Hennessy?

No, but Duncan.

Mr. Knighton—"What's the joke?"

Whitaker I.—"I was laughing at Bennett, sir."

Bennett—"I'm no joke."

Mr. Knighton (in Science Class)—"Boyle, the discoverer of this law, was born in 1577. He died later."

McLennan to Blair—"Meet me to-night by the gaslight."

Blair—"What do you think I am, a gasmeter?"



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Think This Over, Men and Boys!

Richardson—"Say, Rolph, How do you start a composition?"

Rolph—"Dear Sir!"

Hefty Towers, we've been thinking  
What an awful thing 'twould be,  
If, instead of being bellhop,  
You were scullion of Room 3.

Leckie I. to Bradley (who is trying on a new suit). "You'll never wear that outside!"

Bradley—"Why?"

Leckie I.—"You haven't got the nerve!"

Copeland—"I lent that fellow twenty-five cents and he won't pay it back."

Munn I.—"I always thought he was eight by ten."

Copeland—"What do you mean?"

Munn I.—"Well, not quite square."

Prunes may come,  
And prunes may go,  
But sausages stay forever.

Mathuse—"A word to the wide is foolish."

Wallace II.—"Why, the buildings in Vancouver are so high that we have to take an areoplane to get to the top story."

Ben Allen—"Mere shantys. We have buildings in Goderich so high that they have to put hinges on the two top storeys, so when night comes we can turn them down to let the moon go by."

Hayes (at the table)—"Gee, it smells like a fire."

Manville—"I suppose we would have to report before leaving."

Mr. Laidlaw in 10 B—"McKeague, it's morning now!"

Whitaker I.—"What is the best steal in the world?"

Macdonald—"Castile."



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# HOOT, MON!

Dinna ye Ken

## MacLAREN'S Imperial Cheese?

Weel! Weel! 'Tis Time Ye Gang tae the  
Grocer's Shop and Get a Jar

**THE BONNIE CHEESE**

Mosely, in study—Sir, may I speak to Bennett?"

Mr. Tudball—"Yes, in time."

Kingston to Stew. Henry—"I've got some skits."

Stew. Henry—"What are they?"

Kingston—"You'll see them in the winter when I'm skating."

If Louise ran down Wilton to Yonge, over Victoria to Shooter would Isabella run to Church?

A schoolboy's year at St. Andrew's:

Expectation,  
Realization,  
Lamentation,  
Initiation.  
Weekly ration,  
Examination,  
Mortification,  
Depredation,  
Inhalation,  
Expulsion,  
Summer Vacation.

Heard in kitchen—"What's the difference between pomme de terre and potato?"

"About two dollars."

Morgan to Mr. Wilson, on Friday night—"Sir, are you going out to Oakville to-morrow morning?"

Mr. Wilson—"Yes."

Barnfield—"Who's going to give us our pay, then?"

Somers II. to Mr. Wilson—"Sir, do we have to do both those sums on the board?"

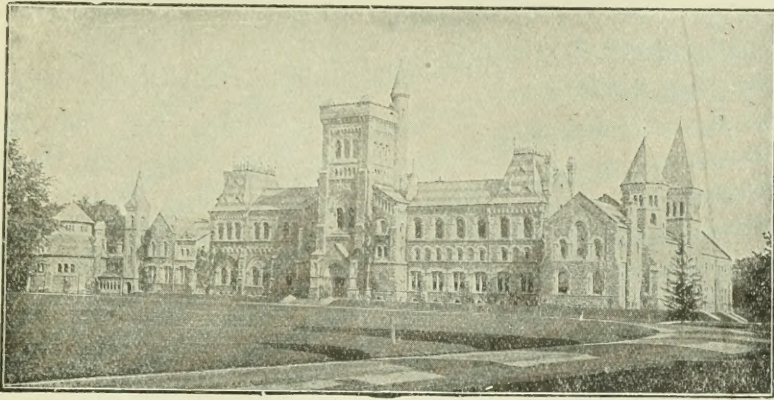
Simpson (whispering in a panic)—"Don't put such foolish notions into Mr. Wilson's head!"

Itner to Mr. James at beginning of term—"Say, are you the man that runs the band?"

Malone—Even a policeman can't arrest the flight of time.

Lee Wright—Oh, I don't know. Only this morning I saw a policeman enter a hotel and stop a few minutes.





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or to the Secretaries of the respective Faculties.

McGillivray to Syme, passing Reformed Presbyterian Church on Bloor Street—"What is a reformed church?"

Syme—"One that has been knocked down and built up again."

Mr. Laidlaw, going into room 27 at midnight—"Can't you fellows keep quiet; don't you know that all sensible people are asleep now?"

Mr. Laidlaw (coming into room 30)—"What's all this hideous noise about?"

Voice from darkness—"Sir, Davis was just talking about Pasadena."

In IV. B. Mr. Tudball to Fat McKeague, who has been kicking up—"If you don't settle down quickly, I'll soak you one—"

Ault (interrupting)—"Ah, don't hurt the little boy, sir."

Mathuse Manville (listening to Blair singing "Swanee River")—"You know, fellows, the brass-band in Prince Albert sounds just as well as that."

Mathuse Manville—"Gee, but I wish I was in Prince Albert. I used to have lots of fun."

Cantley—"What did you do?"

Mathuse—"I was a boy scout."

Copeland to Mr. MacDonnell the afternoon after the night before—"Sir, may I go on the flat and get a pillow? The seat is getting rather hard."

Ross II., waking Travis up at midnight—"Trav, Trav."

Travis—"Oh gee, what have I forgotten to do now?"

The allied forces of room 3 have gained many victories over the Turk.

There was a man who loved the bees,

He always was their friend.

He used to sit upon their hives,

But they stung him in the end.

—*Cornell Widow.*

#### HEARD ON A CAR.

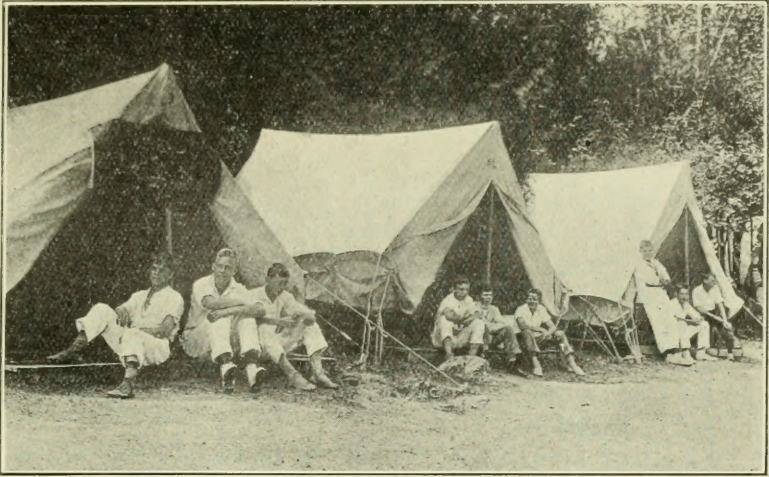
Leckie to Beath—"We get off at Eaton's, don't we, Mel?"

Conductor to Beath—"Taking the little one down to see Santa Claus?"



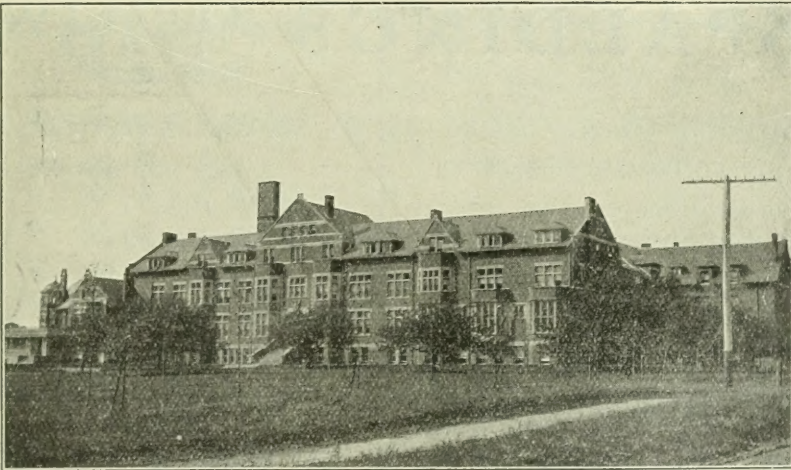
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Headmaster.

A flea and a fly in a flue,  
 Were imprisoned, and what could they do?  
 Said the flea "let us fly,"  
 Said the fly "let us flea"  
 So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

—*Ex.*

Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of microbes.  
 He cometh forth like a flower, but is wilted by perplexity and  
 scorched by adversity.

Sorrow and headache follow him all the days of his life.

He hoppeth from his bed in the morning and his foot is pierced  
 by the cruel tack of disappointment.

He ploddeth forth to his toil and his cuticle is punctured by ex-  
 haustion.

He sitteth himself down at midday, and is lacerated in his nether  
 anatomy by the pin of disaster.

He walketh through the street of the city in the pride of his man-  
 hood, and slippeth on the banana peel of misfortune.

Behold he glideth down the banister of life and findeth it strewn  
 with splinters.—*Ex.*

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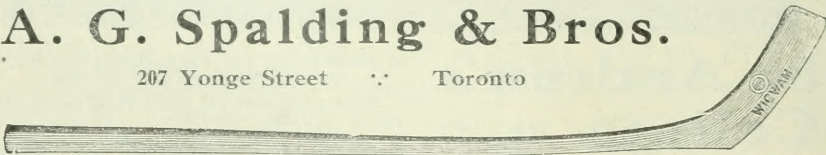
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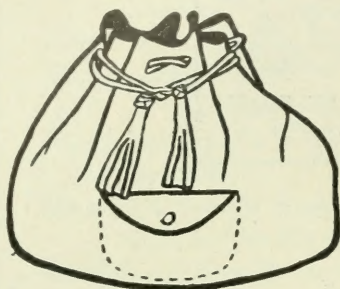
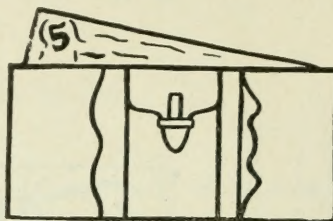
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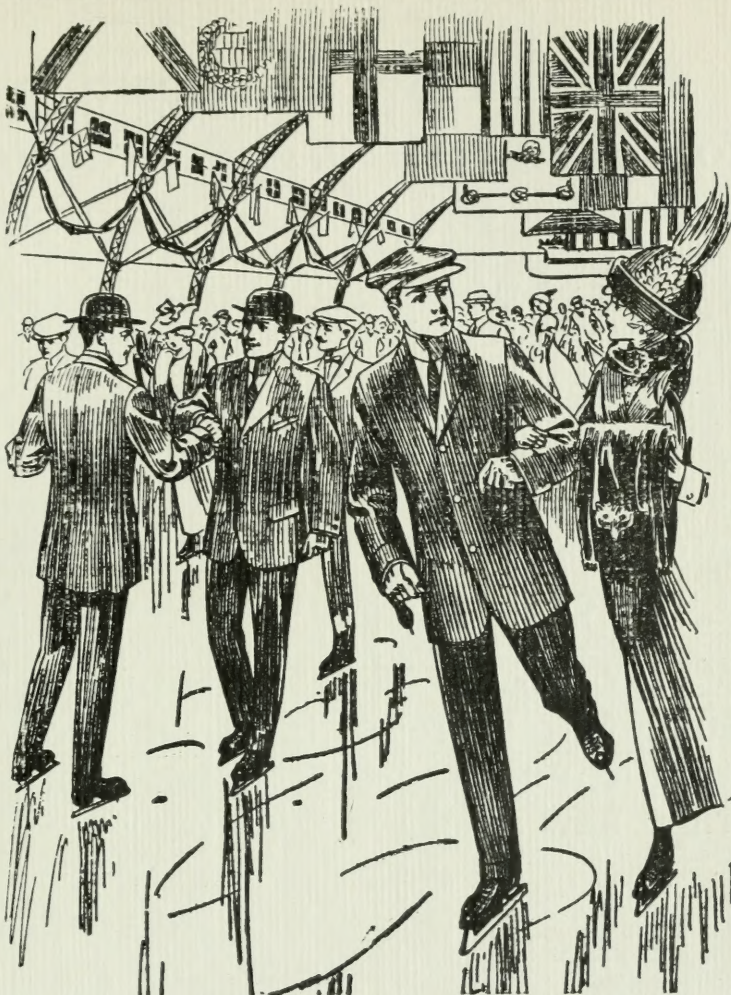
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